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ROBERT E. SPEER

Volume XCI

25 August 1906

Number 34

SEP 4 1906

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A Great Speech

No abler speech has been made in any parliament or congress in recent years than Augustine Birrell's in connection with the passage of the New Education Bill which he—the son of a Nonconformist minister—has skillfully piloted through the stormy waters of discussion. The "Gallery Hand" of the London *Christian World* thus describes the memorable occasion:

It seemed impossible for any one to introduce new life into the debate. Mr. Balfour wound it up for his side in a speech of pitiable smallness, clever in parts, but thin, and also stale, flat and unprofitable. It was after this that Mr. Birrell rose in a crowded House—and he rose also to the height of a great occasion. He had not spoken five minutes before it was obvious that he had gripped the attention of all his hearers. I have seldom, if ever, known a finer performance. Perhaps "performance" is not the right word, for throughout the speech there was the ring of honest, nay, passionate conviction—something reminding one of the thrill that captured the House when Gladstone thundered at the table and smote the box. It was a speech that cannot be described adequately in any descriptive summary, and even a verbatim report, however faithful, cannot convey a real idea of the speech, of its honest, outspoken sincerity, which showed once more that it is out of the fullness of the heart that the mouth speaketh.

Mr. Birrell scorned the slander that this bill was aimed against the Church of England, and with equal vehemence he answered the contradictory argument that it did nothing for the Nonconformist. It gives the chance of undenominational education to every villager in the land—a charter of freedom to the villages—and it also releases the teacher from the thrall of the parson. It was when speaking of the villages that Mr. Birrell's inward feeling was revealed. He is by no means an emotional man—he has a horror of anything like overdone sentiment—but it happened that just as he was saying that many a poor Primitive Methodist in a remote village would now be freed from the domination of the Church, one member laughed. Mr. Birrell turned on him exclaiming that it was easy and safe for one to laugh there—"but I know what I am talking about [Here he banged the table with vigor] I have not lived my life among Nonconformists for nothing—these things can't go on forever, this domination must cease." The Liberals leaned back and cheered again and again. Mr. Birrell was equally vigorous in his defense of religious teaching—the undenominational teaching which has stood the test of six-and-thirty years' experience. Turning to the advocates of secular teaching who said, "Think of the child—of his ailments, his playground, his games," and so forth, he exclaimed: "Yes, but what is the child? Whence came it? Whither goes it? Conscience, sin, immortality—are you going to drive all these out of the ordinary curriculum of school life? I would urge those who dream dreams and see visions of a good time coming, when the condition of the poor and the miserable will so poison the existence of the rich and the comfortable as to make all society to combine to do all that it can to redeem that lot—I ask them where are they to find the alkahest which is to transmute the base metal of selfishness into the pure gold of altruism? I say they will find Christianity to be the potent force which will ever be the best friend of poor and helpless man."

It was thus that Mr. Birrell raised and redeemed the debate from the lower level of political controversy to the heights of great and eternal truth.

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Contents 25 Aug. 1906

EDITORIAL:

Event and Comment	229
Overdoses of Pleasure	232
Rome versus France	233
The Gospel of Pessimism	233
The Art of Finding God. In the Unfoldings of History—prayer meeting editorial	233
In Brief	233

COVER:

The Supreme Religion. Robert E. Speer

CONTRIBUTIONS:

The Politics of the Prairie View Sunday School.	
I. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon	235
The Professor's Chair. Henry Churchill King	237
Money Making—the Christian View. Rev. Wil- liam Burnet Wright, D. D.	238
His Lordship the Country Parson. Jacobus Basilianus	239

HOME:

To the Blackberry—selected poem	240
Paragraph	240
On Getting Acquainted with Our Families. E. M. H.	240
Is "Now I Lay Me" a Selfish Prayer. Rev. Ozra S. Davis	240
Tangles	241

FOR THE CHILDREN:

Betty's Visit. L. M. Montgomery	242
Homely Toys for Babies—selection	243
The Children's Corner. Peter Page	245

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—Lesson for Sept. 2

FOR ENDEAVORERS—Topic for Sept. 2-3

CLOSET AND ALTAR

THE DAILY PORTION—Aug. 26—Sept. 1

LITERATURE

IN VARIOUS FIELDS:

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom	244
A Church's "Summer Book"	247
Great Heart and Helping Hand	250
Patriotic Immigrants in the Northwest	252
Philadelphia's Temperance Settlement	255

LETTERS:

In and Around Chicago	248
Greater New York	253
In and Around Boston	255

MISCELLANEOUS:

A Great Speech—selection	226
Personalia	234
American Men versus Women	236
Biographical	237
The Pastor as an Educator	238
Endeavorers from all the World at Geneva	247
Mist Texts	247
Our Readers' Forum	249
Closing Days at Northfield	250
Church and Ministerial Record	251
Meetings and Events to Come	254
Marriages and Deaths	254
Education	255

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Event and Comment

THE POLITICAL CALDRON is boiling vigorously in those states which hold elections this autumn, the campaign already being well advanced in Maine and Vermont, where issues were clearly defined weeks ago and the opposing candidates drawn up in battle array. In Massachusetts the expressed willingness of Henry M. Whitney to accept the Democratic nomination for governor, side-tracks that man of many words but few achievements, District Attorney Moran. Not all the elements, however, which he aspires to lead will be satisfied with a candidate so closely identified with corporation interests as Mr. Whitney has been for many years. The Hearst boom in New York corresponds with the Moran outbreak in Massachusetts, but is much more extensive and better organized and has plenty of money behind it. District Attorney Jerome's announcement that he will accept the Democratic nomination for governor, if tendered, means a lively struggle between his friends and the Hearst forces. Republicans, on the other hand, are hardly less bitterly divided. The past week has witnessed a little victory of Mr. Odell in the state committee which, by a close vote, selected him as candidate as temporary chairman of the Republican convention instead of some one agreeable to the Governor Higgins faction. Mr. Odell apparently hopes to be able to ride into power again by nourishing a boomlet for Charles E. Hughes for governor, the able and incorruptible prosecutor of the men concerned with the rottenness in the great insurance companies. He is now abroad, and will hardly consent to receive nomination practically at the hands of a discredited leader like Mr. Odell.

In New Hampshire Winston Churchill's picturesque and aggressive candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor has already captured several towns, which were supposed to be strongholds of the Boston & Maine Railroad, against which his speeches are aimed. The New Jersey contest in the Republican ranks involves the possible overthrow of Senator Dryden, the head of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. Against him are arrayed such gallant workers for reforms as State Senator Everett Colby and Mayor Fagan of Jersey City. Iowa is in the midst of one of the most stirring campaigns of its history. Defeated in the convention by Governor Cummings, the Perkins-Blythe faction seems disposed to carry its opposition to the polls.

ELMINATING personal ambitions and rivalries and viewing the campaign in the light of principles only, two prominent issues are confronting voters; one is that created by the recent entrance of organized

labor into the political arena with a view to defeating candidates considered objectionable. Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, is one of the men most fiercely attacked. Samuel Gompers, the head of the American Federation of labor, is now stumping Mr. Littlefield's district in the hope of defeating him, but it is not likely that a man of his mental and moral caliber will fail to be re-elected. In thus arraying themselves in the interests of class legislation, the organized labor forces of the country, who represent only about one-tenth of the working people, drew from Speaker Cannon, in a noteworthy speech last week, a frank and plain statement adverse to their claims. Coming from a man so high in the counsels of the Republican party, such an outspoken speech as that of Mr. Cannon, is significant. The other issue crystallizing into different forms in different parts of the country is that of the tariff on which Mr. Cannon also spoke definitely, reiterating his well-known adherence to the protective system and giving little encouragement to those who hoped for a revision at no distant day. He has sympathizers in Massachusetts particularly among members of that stalwart organization, the Home Market Club, but the majority of the Republican voters of Massachusetts are, we believe, in accord with Governor Guild, in favoring some speedy revision of the tariff and we hope the coming Republican state convention will construct a platform on which Governor Guild, who has proved his worth in so many ways the past year, can consistently stand. President Roosevelt's letter published Monday declares unequivocally for a protective tariff, but favors revision when it "will do more good than harm." He, however, dissociates the tariff issue from that of controlling the trusts.

IT HAS COME to be regarded as necessary for all who can afford it, and for some who cannot, to leave home and go

The Summer Outing somewhere during the summer. In consequence many leave comfortable homes to sojourn in cramped quarters in crowded hotels and boarding houses, and to take long journeys by rail in the hottest weeks of the year. If it were not the fashion to do this in July and August more comfort and satisfaction could be gained in travel and recreation at other seasons when there is more room in hotels and a cooler atmosphere. September and October are ideal months for vacation. But for those who must stay at home it is a pleasing assurance that the most of them may have as good health as if they were away, and perhaps find as much pleasure. A wise physician says that if one eat sensibly, exercise moderately, sleep in well-

ventilated rooms and work reasonably, he may keep at his post through the summer in good condition and spirits. Where can we find more of sunshine, blue skies, beautiful gardens and parks and restful fields and forests than in and around such a city as Boston? An occasional day at sea or in the parks or cycling through the shady suburbs and among the hills, returning to one's own home at night, is a vacation that will compare favorably with many a laborious journey taken for a change of scene.

AN OLD dispute as to payment of fares on the elevated railroad to Coney Island was revived in a way that led to serious rioting **Brooklyn Trolley Riots** last Sunday. The question is a complicated one, and legal decisions have been delivered apparently on both sides, as to whether or not the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has the right to charge two five-cent fares for the single journey of ten miles. The excitement was caused by a decision of Judge Gaynor releasing from custody a man who had been arrested for refusing to pay a second fare. A multitude of people thereupon assumed that the railway company could not collect the second fare. Detention of cars, arrests, ejections and attempts of unauthorized persons to run cars followed with scenes of tumult and disorder. The president of the Borough of Brooklyn, Mr. Bird S. Coler, advised people to refuse payment of the second nickel and to resist officials trying to collect it. Dr. Lyman Abbott wrote an open letter congratulating Mr. Coler on the position he had taken and declaring that "whether a lawless corporation can be made to obey the law as laid down by the courts is the most important issue now before the American people." After some days Justice Gaynor was found in his country home, and said he had not intended to give a legal decision that the company could not collect the ten-cent fare. The matter is to be taken to the Court of Appeals, and meanwhile the company has issued a receipt for the second fare, good for five cents if the decision goes against it. Hoodlums had a great opportunity and improved it. Several distinguished gentlemen seem to have made mistakes by speaking hastily and unadvisedly. But they probably would agree now with Judge Gaynor's latest counsel to pay the fare, "rather than have an exhibition of violence follow the refusal to pay," and indorse his little preachment: "God is patient and we must be patient. This little life of ours is no time for violence if it can be avoided. Violence is never lawful until all other means have failed. Everything comes right in time, even though slowly."

YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL is fortunate in securing Dr. Edward C. Moore to give instruction this coming year in the department of systematic theology of which the lamented Prof. George B. Stevens was so long the head. Dr. Moore will spend a part of each week in New Haven and will give both the Junior and the Middle year courses. Much appreciation is expressed at New Haven of Dr. Moore's kindness in undertaking this service, as well as with the courtesy of Harvard officials in permitting him to come to the help of Yale. The question of a permanent occupant of the chair will not be considered until autumn. It is a difficult chair to fill and sufficient time will be taken to find some one who will sustain the department on the high level to which it was lifted by Nathaniel Taylor, Samuel Harris and Professor Stevens. We thought that Professor Moore was so constantly occupied with his duties as supervisor of religious work at Harvard, as well as with his faithful service of the American Board as chairman of its Prudential Committee, that he could not take on another academic burden. But with the accumulated resources at his command, he will doubtless fulfill all the important trusts now reposed in him and become increasingly influential in the churches of our order.

PROSPERITY is written in large letters all over the face of our country. The value of farm products is estimated at nearly seven thousand millions of dollars. Winter wheat already harvested is 65,000,000 bushels greater than last year. Kansas alone counts on 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and twice as many of corn. If the corn crop equals the present estimates it will amount to 2,713,194,000 bushels, being larger than last year, which was the greatest ever known. The Southern States are raising an immense harvest of cotton. Almost all kinds of manufacturing plants are producing at their maximum capacity, and not able to outrun the demand. Iron and steel and copper command high prices and cannot be produced in sufficient quantities to fill orders. Export trade to other countries is constantly increasing and new markets are opening. Our boots and shoes are wanted by Oriental nations. China takes seven-tenths of the cotton piece goods that we export. Labor is in demand everywhere, and no man able to work and to reach the harvest fields need be idle. Gratitude to God for his bounty ought to find expression in worship and in benevolence in large measure. Never before have the American people had so great an opportunity to show whether they will so use prosperity as to make it a blessing.

VIEWED AS A NUISANCE the automobile is a notorious success. It frightens horses and people, flaunts dust and evil smells into the faces of those whom it rushes past, fosters insolence and lawlessness in its owner and resentment in the popular mind, and occasionally revenges itself on its patrons by maiming or killing them. These offenses, however, are temporary and will be remedied in time. It is working

important changes in business and social life, most of which are beneficial. It has largely increased the price of rubber, leather, gasoline and other goods employed in its construction and use. It is making better roads a necessity. It is an effective instrument in political and evangelistic campaigns. It is bringing about notable changes in the distribution of summer boarders. The *Lewiston Journal* says that though there are more summer guests in Maine than ever before, some of the hotels at noted resorts are not as full as usual. But automobile parties are touring the state, and a host of country hotels are getting their patronage, which till recently had no share in this summer business. Tourists are spending more money in Maine this summer than in any previous season. The same thing is true in other states. Better roads, better and more prosperous hotels, better markets for country produce, more and healthier out-of-door life are compensation for the bad breath, raucous voice, pawing of dust and flaunting airs of this new animal created by human hands.

A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED amount of increase of dividends on the Union and Southern Pacific Railroads, announced at the New York Stock Exchange till after its opening Friday morning last week, caused greater excitement in that financial center than it had known for more than five years. The dividend on the Union Pacific was increased from six per cent. to ten per cent. per annum and Southern Pacific, which has not before given any returns to its stockholders, was placed on a five per cent. basis. Market prices of both stocks advanced by leaps and bounds, and those who had sold the stocks without owning them, hoping to buy them at lower rates to make good their contracts, were badly caught. Directors of these roads and those taken into their confidence are said to have made many millions of dollars by buying stocks which they were certain would advance when their action should become known. Of course they are subjected to severe criticism. The transaction charged to them is not illegal, but it would not be made by those with a high sense of business honor. It was no higher than that of the losers in the game, who sold stocks short in the hope that they would get the advantage of others in the market. The high values of these properties were already known, through published reports of the directors. The market price alone was uncertain, and insiders who knew what was to be done, were able to bet with certainty. Mr. Harri-man, the leader in these schemes, has been largely responsible for the remarkable development and able management of these railroads. The whole country is reaping large benefits from his administration of them and his success has brought to him an immense fortune, though he is not an ideal trustee for stockholders of a great corporation.

SECRETARY ROOT goes on his conquering march from country to country in South America. His weapons are assurances of the desire of the United States for the solidarity of American

nations, for their independence, their maintenance of freedom under law within their borders, their fraternity and mutual co-operation in a spirit of friendship toward the nations of the Old World from which they have derived their languages and their institutions. He was enthusiastically welcomed by the Uruguayans at their capital city, whom he assured that the United States has always maintained the Monroe Doctrine—that Latin Americans are competent to govern and maintain themselves and their countries. He was emphatic in declaring that the United States will not support attempts of foreign governments to collect private debts by force. At Buenos Aires he told the citizens of Argentina that their country with its great undeveloped resources might by securing foreign capital follow in the footsteps of the United States and from being a debtor become a creditor nation, and intimated that the capital needed might be found in this country. The Pan-American Congress, still in session at Rio de Janeiro, has formulated various proposals for the collection of statistics of American nations and for greater co-operation among them. It has increased interest by its discussions in the proposed Pan-American railway, which it will recommend shall be constructed by the nations through which it is to pass, having a central bureau to transmit information and advise concerning uniformity in construction. The action of the Congress on relations with European countries can have weight only as expressions of opinion of the nations represented.

A CONGREGATION of foreigners in a New England city, formally in fellowship with the Congregational denomination, becoming disaffected, intimated to the state secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, that it would under certain conditions, change its ecclesiastical basis. Instead of opening negotiations with them he apprised the secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society of the situation, who was able to compose the difficulties and the foreigners remained in the Congregational fold. A short time after this a foreign Baptist church fell out with its pastor and approached the Congregational state home missionary secretary, with a view to alliance with the churches which he represents. He went straight to the Baptist home missionary secretary and again pacifying influences were brought to bear and no transfer of the foreign church from one denomination to another took place. The incidents are illuminating. They show that comity is a part of the working program of at least two state home missionary secretaries, who evidently care more for the larger interest of the kingdom of God than for purely denominational extension. Again, the incident shows how fluid are the elements which make up the new foreign churches among us and how slight to them seem the differences between various evangelical bodies. They see a sharp line of cleavage between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, but they will not respond to any appeal inspired chiefly by the secretarian spirit.

It is therefore important to conduct Protestant enterprises among them on a broad and, where feasible, on an interdenominational basis.

THOSE TWO bodies which are severed parts of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country—the Church North and the Church South—have a joint commission on federation. Recently it passed a resolution, recommending that when two Methodist churches in the same community, one belonging to the denomination of the North and the other to the South, both desire to unite, they may do so, with the approval of their supervising bishops. This resolution was referred to the bishops of the Methodist Church North and has been approved by them. An influential minister of the Presbyterian Church South, Rev. R. H. Crozier of Palestine, Texas, has a letter in the *Christian Observer*, declaring that the time is ripe for the reunion of the Northern and Southern bodies of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Crozier is an ex-Confederate soldier and one of the most conservative of Southern Presbyterians. It is said that the younger ministers on both sides of the line are almost solidly for union, and if the older generation of them favor it, union is likely to come before long. Religious sectional divisions yield more slowly than political or social. The unity of the nation will never be fully realized till Christians of the same name and family and history can clear away geographical barriers and work in one organization. In this generation it is a disgrace to any religious sect to carry a name by which it announces that it has shut itself voluntarily into one section of the nation to which it owes its service.

IT IS SOUTH CAROLINA'S turn to hang its head in view of the action of the mob at Greenwood, which has some curious psychological aspects by the way. The governor of the state arrived on the ground just as the crowd was about to wreak its vengeance on a Negro guilty of murder and assault. The governor urged them to desist and respect the authority of the state. His words awoke cheer of approval, but the crowd persisted, substituting, however, shooting for burning. The tragedy took place almost in sight of the governor. The *Columbia State*, one of the leading papers in South Carolina, a few days before had declared that public sentiment in South Carolina was opposed to lynching and that it was dangerous pastime for any one engaged in it. It then admonished North Carolina to grapple with the issue and not permit another outrage like the recent one at Salisbury. The editorial wound up, "The mob is not difficult to manage when it discovers that the law and the officers of the law re-enforced by public sentiment are actually in earnest." What was the trouble, then, at Greenwood; was the governor not in earnest or did the newspaper mistake the sentiment of South Carolinians? Governor Glenn of North Carolina is acquiring an enviable reputation as a courageous and capable executive. He has just issued orders to the state militia to fire on mobs which refuse to disperse at the sheriff's order.

EARTHQUAKE and fire have wrought sad devastation in Valparaiso, Chili. The shocks began last week Thursday evening, and in a few moments a large section of the city was in ruins—the dwellings of the rich and the poor being alike prostrated, as well as many of the great public buildings. The number of dead is estimated at a thousand and the property loss at \$250,000,000, while no less than 20,000 people are said to be homeless, having taken refuge in the parks or in camps just outside the city. Scenes of panic and despair prevailed; but dynamite was an effective agency in stopping the progress of the flames. The villages in the vicinity, and Santiago, which is the nearest large city, have suffered from the earthquake which was felt to a greater or less extent through the Andean region, and losses of life at remote points are likely to be reported. The telegraph communication with Valparaiso was cut off for a time; but the latest report indicates that the government has the situation fairly well in hand, and of course, sympathy and relief will pour in from all quarters. Buenos Aires was one of the first cities to make a liberal subscription. The occurrence of this earthquake so soon after the tragedy at San Francisco indicates unstable conditions over a wide area fronting on the Pacific, and must induce great uneasiness at points liable to be effected by seismic disturbances. Thus, nature at times laughs at man's control and would overwhelm mankind with a sense of their impotency and the futility of earthly things, unless man were at the same time cheered and braced by his faith in the eternal goodness of the God of nature.

THE OUTGOING GOVERNMENT of Great Britain last year put forth plans for building four new great warships like the famous Dreadnaught. Earnest discussions in that country, the United States and other lands have had their effect on British public sentiment. The Secretary of the British Navy has lately announced the decision of the Imperial Cabinet to reduce the proposed number of battleships to be built to three and to leave off the program three ocean destroyers and four submarines. The British Government will also present proposals for reducing the armament of the great nations, and if these shall be agreed to, the third of these proposed battleships will not be built. If the campaign for universal peace shall have made it seem feasible for the greatest naval Power in the world to reduce its plans for increasing its navy by more than one-half, a greater triumph will be achieved than would be the sinking of two of the biggest battleships ever built.

KING EDWARD'S visit to the Emperor William, last week, at Friederichshof, was the occasion of many outward demonstrations of mutual affection such as are fitting between uncle and nephew, and of numerous festivities of a formal and informal character. German papers abounded in friendly expressions toward the English king, and while the subjects of conversation be-

tween the two rulers are only surmised they may be inferred to relate to the great international problems now rife. Germany's desire to obtain a port on the Persian Gulf may have been indicated by Wilhelm III. Taken in connection with the recent visit of German journalists to England and their warm reception there, this meeting at Friederichshof can hardly fail to promote Anglo-Germany amity. Edward VII. has shown greater ability in promoting a vigorous, and at the same time irenic foreign policy, than he was generally credited with before he ascended the throne. Of course, his actual power in that direction is more limited than that of the German emperor.

THE FRIEND, published by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, says that there are evidences of steady and permanent gain in the religious life of the people. Renewed interest in education is manifested, especially in Sunday school work. The Hawaiian board is about to send a student, Mr. Akaiko Akana, to take a comprehensive course at Hartford Theological Seminary and the School of Religious Pedagogy. "Conversions are reported from all over the islands, defunct churches are galvanizing into life, while new ones are being formed and Endeavor Societies are banding the young people in aggressive work. In fine, we are in the midst of a quiet, deep religious revival, not of the camp meeting shouting order, but reverential, educational and accompanied with a new conception of social and personal righteousness."

DISORDERS have continued during the past week in various parts of the Russian Empire. A sort of guerrilla warfare is going on, the lawlessness of Socialists and Revolutionists being met by an enforcement of martial law which includes lawlessness and brutality of soldiers. In the Province of Penza a detachment of Cossacks sent to arrest agitators, were attacked by peasants armed with scythes and other weapons, and were forced to flee, after several were killed and wounded on both sides. Daily collisions have resulted in killing scores of soldiers, policemen and citizens. A young woman in St. Petersburg was brutally whipped by Cossack soldiers because she made a chance remark which offended them. Bombs have been thrown into crowds at railway stations and on the streets. One member of the outlawed Douma has been hung and several others arrested. Over two hundred members of the Socialist Revolutionary party in St. Petersburg have been seized and sent to remote parts of Siberia. Famine is spreading in spite of efforts of the authorities to provide food for the starving. For the first time in many years Russia is importing wheat. Shops, mail cars and homes are broken into and robbed. Of the eighty-seven provinces only five are without special provisions of repression and protection. Many of the police are resigning, their places being taken by soldiers. Many of these are unreliable, and recruiting the army which had been planned, has been postponed. These are incidents in a ferment which is changing the political and social conditions of the most populous empire in Europe.

A Hopeful Outlook in Hawaii

Victories of Peace

The King and the Kaiser Meet

Overdoses of Pleasure

London letters in daily papers tell of the variety and extent of the pleasuring in which members of the rich and fashionable social circles are indulging. So general has this amusement-loving instinct become and to such excesses has it gone, nourished by latter-day devices, like the automobile, that a prominent Roman Catholic prelate, Father Bernard Vaughn, who has charge of a wealthy church at the West End, has been denouncing it in strong language. His trenchant sermons, directed to those of his own flock who are leading idle, luxurious lives, have drawn hearers this summer from all parts of London. Meanwhile, possibly some of those for whom his words were primarily designed, are spending the week end at their grand country homes amid scenes of revelry—for the custom of going out of town for Sunday, is said to be depleting London congregations of many of their usual attendants. The Anglican Bishop of London has also recently denounced the luxury and frivolity that characterize many in Protestant circles.

We do not have to rely on reports from London for evidence that this is a pleasure-loving and often a pleasure-mad age. As one travels about these summer days, he encounters many tokens of it. The business of amusing people has become a vast industry that taxes the ingenuity of those engaged in it, at the same time that it enriches their coffers. Nor are the very rich the only ones who covet new and more sources of pleasure. Time was when a city family was content to spend a day quietly on the seashore, enjoying a dip in the ocean and a basket luncheon, but now at every popular seaside or river resort, there must be a continuous vaudeville entertainment and other diversions of the merry-go-round type. People today are not content, as a rule, to sit down on the grass, "vacate their minds," and thereby recruit their mental and spiritual energies.

Bitter denunciations of this tendency to have a good time whatever it may cost, seldom bring about a reformation. In time the craze for pleasure defeats itself. The incessant demand for a keener edge on one's enjoyment for new sensations to tickle the palate and spur the languid emotions cannot forever be satisfied. Pleasure, like riches, palls after a time. Moreover, our friends who will have their good time at any price, forget that real pleasure comes only to those who are doing their part of the world's work and who can laugh and play all the more merrily because they have earned their good time. That sense of temporary freedom from the real business of life is what makes a day's outing or a summer's vacation delightful. Your fine lady who never gets up any morning of the year until nine o'clock; and your gentleman of leisure who has nothing in the world to do, will never know the keenness of the enjoyment which a tired shop girl may have during her single fortnight in the country.

In time then a reaction from excessive pleasuring is sure to come, but meanwhile we are glad that two London preachers have lifted up their voices in protest whether or not others on both sides

of the Atlantic may see fit to imitate the form of remonstrance. It is in order for the church to assert today in the face of this mad scramble for pleasure, the eternal truth that a man's life consisteth not in the kinds and the amount of pleasure which he can manage to obtain. We have certainly moved far, even in professedly Christian circles, we will not say, from the Puritan conception of life—for that sometime sought to stifle all pleasure-seeking instincts—but from the New Testament conception of the essentials of life. Teachers, preachers and parents must hold up before the young higher ideals than that of a mere good time.

If they cannot as dogmatically as in former days differentiate between this and that amusement, putting one under a ban and pronouncing another admissible, they can emphasize the truth that for the right-minded boy or girl, man or woman, pleasure is the hand-maiden and not the master of life. Its function is to serve as a relief from the pressure under which most of us constantly are. It can be indulged in, under proper conditions, by Christians as heartily as by worldlings, but it never ought to become the central thing in life toward which every nerve is strained and to which all other concerns are subordinated.

Overdoses of pleasure are as bad for any man or nation as overdoses of wealth. A wholesome reaction has set in this past year against the accumulating of money by any means. The world now sees that many whom it once envied, because of their great possessions have become coarsened and even corrupted by them. The world also is coming to see that overdoses of pleasure enervate the body and eat out the soul.

Rome versus France

The French Government has assumed control of the churches in France, so far as their civil administration is concerned. It has enacted laws providing that their property shall be held by associations composed mainly of laymen similar to our parish corporations. These laws apply to religious organizations of all denominations.

The property of the Roman Catholic Church is now held by that body and administered by the clergy. The new law was passed by the French legislature last December. In January Pope Pius X. issued an encyclical condemning the law and the separation of the Church from the State. Attempts to enforce the law, which required among other things that inventories of the Church property should be reported to the government, caused the closing out of monasteries, nunneries, parish schools and other institutions, and many members of religious orders have removed to this and other countries. The civil authorities have in many cases forcibly entered churches to take account of the property, and local disorders have resulted. But the government has firmly carried out its program.

The separation law which requires the transfer of titles and care of property to associations is to become operative on the anniversary of its passage, Dec. 9, 1906. Last week another encyclical from

the pope was made public, addressed to the archbishops and bishops of France, reiterating his deliverance of last January, and saying that after further examination of the law which he had already condemned as iniquitous, having found that it could not be applied without jeopardizing the sacred interests of the Church, "Therefore, concerning cultural associations such as the law prescribes, we decree absolutely that they cannot be formed without a violation of the sacred rights which are the life itself of the Church." He says he has sought for some other form of organization which might avert the threatened dangers, but without success. He then says: "But as this hope fails us and the law remains as it is, we declare it is not permissible to try this other kind of associations so long as they do not establish in the most legal and most positive way that the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman pontiff and the bishops, and their authority over the temporal affairs of the Church, particularly the sacred edifices, will be irrevocably protected by such associations. We cannot wish otherwise without betraying our sacred charge and producing the ruin of the Church in France."

It does not follow from this position that actual collision will occur between the religious and civil authorities. The pope urges the bishops to use all means within the law to organize the forces of the Church and assures them of his support and co-operation. While the language of the encyclical is reproachful and defiant, it does not shut out room for compromise, nor, if absolutely necessary, some method of compliance with the law. The withdrawal of government stipends to the clergy, though gradual, will prove a serious embarrassment to the Church in providing for their support, though of course, Protestant churches in France face the same situation.

A much greater difficulty is the necessity of re-arranging the administration of the temporal affairs of the Church. But we do not expect that the government of France, as at present constituted, will continue to harbor a religious institution, however, beneficent, which is controlled by a foreign power independent of the State. The pope and the Vatican, when convinced that the Church cannot assert supreme authority in France, will assist her to adjust herself to necessary conditions and continue her work. This, indeed, is implied in the closing words of the encyclical, which says: "In the hour of hard trial for France, if all unite in defending the supreme interests of the country, the salvation of the Church is far from desperate. On the contrary, it is to be hoped that her dignity will be raised to its former prosperous height."

Lord Curzon's reported intention to visit, during his American tour, the headquarters of the missionary societies, whose representatives have done so much for India's betterment, indicates some change of attitude since he wrote some years ago his book on the Far East. As viceroy of India he cannot fail to have observed how invaluable was the work of missionaries, especially in connection with famine relief. This purpose of his, if carried out, will certainly bring him to the Congregational House, Boston, the headquarters of the

American Board. He will have a right warm welcome.

The Gospel of Pessimism

We suspect that a good many of the sermons preached by summer "supplies" were written in the months when the nights were longer and the air was chillier than in August. This is a natural inference from some of those heard, and from reports of others in the Monday newspapers. A common theme of the pulpit is national degeneracy. The whole people are indicted as the personification of selfishness and greed. Prosperity is said to be paving the path to ruin, the prosperous are rushing down it at break-neck speed and the masses whom they have despoiled are rushing down after them with anarchistic cries. Society is becoming a grinding machine composed of soulless grinders and masses of humanity helplessly ground. Says an eloquent preacher of this so-called gospel: "We live in an age of property worshipers. We make more of mines than we do of miners, more of buildings than of builders, and more of machines than we do of mechanics." Who are "we"? Is each and every one guilty of doing all these things?

This theme of the pulpit is also that of the scholar. "If it were true," says cautious President Hadley of Yale, "that a man's success is measured by the money and the offices which he can command, or that the test of a good education is to be found in the fact that it fits a man to make money and get offices, the American republic would be fast approaching its end." It is true, declares President Schurman of Cornell: "To get and to have is the motto not only of the market, but of the altar and of the hearth. We are coming to measure man—man with his heart and mind and soul—in terms of mere acquisition and possession. A waning Christianity and a waxing Mammonism are the twin specters of our age."

Our Dr. Moxom in the *North American Review* makes his indictment more specific. Under the suggestive title, *Un-Christian Christianity*, he raises the question whether any real Christian civilization remains among "the most enlightened and civilized Christian nations—the British, the German and the American." "Conceivably, one may contend that our present social life is the result of a long evolution and is economically wise and beneficent; but one cannot call it Christian." "It may be that some of those whom we have called heathen are more Christian than we." "It may be that the Church, and the Christendom which is identified with the Church, are to hear the doomful words which were spoken to the ancient elect people of God, 'The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof.'" Who can that people be? Not Russia, for Dr. Moxom expressly exempts her from nations having a Christian civilization. Could it be China? or Turkey?

One trouble with this sort of a gospel is that its preachers don't believe it. Another is that the indictment of a whole nation leaves none to pass judgment on it. Still another is that if it were true no efforts would be made to right social and industrial wrongs. As a matter of fact,

greater progress has been made toward higher standards of national righteousness during the last two years than the two decades previous. At no other time in our history has so much unselfish service been given to society, nor so much business been done honestly, nor so high moral standards been proclaimed and realized.

These truths are those which preachers, especially when they come as strangers bringing a fresh message to expectant hearers, will find heartily welcomed. These are truths which comfort the sorrowing, cheer the discouraged and put heart into Christian workers. They are the truths which win men to Christ. If his gospel had really made the most civilized nations less Christian than those who have not received it, would it be any gospel at all?

The *Brooklyn Eagle*, commenting on some of this pessimistic preaching, says truly: "There are sermons which do not detonate and which are none the worse for that. There are preachers who stimulate rather than discourage, who prefer the doctrine of hope to that of depression or despair, and who keep the country not on the brink of perdition, but on the road to better things. These are the clergymen who are the right men in the right place."

The Art of Finding God

In the Unfoldings of History *

We see but a little of our way as we move on from hour to hour, and the forward look is always veiled. But sometimes we reach a height from whence, as on a map, the road which we and the whole people of the earth have followed lies stretched out clear behind us. Then we ask ourselves whether in its progress we can find any visible traces of the plan or the presence of God. The answer will depend, of course, upon our capacity for seeing. If we are blind, if we have dulled the eyes of the soul by looking only at the lower things of life, there will be no message for us from the Lord of all in that great retrospect. There have been historians many who had no vision. But if our eyes are sensitive to the higher things and the presence of God is our great reality, we shall have little trouble in finding him in the upward path of man.

For, first of all, with many turnings and recessions it is an upward path. We may not admire many of the ways of our own generation, but surely from the cave men to America, from the slavery of women to their present influence and honor, from the worship of sticks and stones to the ideals of Christ, the advance is unmistakable. The path has had an upward trend, or there could be no such retrospect as this which we have been taking.

Is God behind events? Surely we who carry on the tradition of the fathers who were sent as leaven to this continent, should be the last to doubt. He who reads history with the sense of God's will working out its purposes through good and evil men, finds the divine hand

* Prayer meeting topic for Aug. 26—Sept. 1. The Art of Finding God. In the Unfoldings of History. Gen. 6: 1-12; Isa. 11: 1-10; Heb. 11: 32-40. Is God behind events? Instances of his help. Turning points of history. Is God in the world today? Will improvement stop with us?

again and again at the turning points of man's story—in battles and inventions, in the gathering and the scatterings of the people. The turning points of human story are not all plain to us, any more than the turning points of our own lives are plain, but some of them are. And we may safely argue from the experience of the past to the hopes of the time to come.

God is in the world today. The issues of the events which trouble us, as well as of those in which we rejoice, are in his hands. He works in a mysterious way, but still he works, and being what he is we may trust his wisdom and his love to bring good out of evil and to confirm good by making it grow into a larger good. This does not mean that evil is to cease. That is not Christ's thought for the age which awaits his consummation and affords opportunity for his Church. Both wheat and tares are to grow together till the harvest. But the harvest is to bring the joy of a many fold increase. It does not mean that all the causes for which we care are to be triumphant. That would be crediting ourselves with a wisdom and foresight far beyond our ownership. We shall no doubt find ourselves rejoicing at last in some things which now we dread and hate. But it means that the travail of Christ's soul is to be satisfied and that the outcome of all history will be the glory of God in the vindication of his love toward men.

In Brief

So general have been the expressions of regret over Mr. Martin's retirement from the Conversation Corner and so eager the desire that material of this sort in some form be furnished our readers, that we have secured Mr. Peter Page, a devoted friend of children, to conduct a modest department, which we trust will inherit some of the virtues which distinguished Mr. Martin's column. His mantle no one would venture to assume; indeed, he has not discarded it himself, as some contributions soon to appear under his name will show. But he approves of this tentative effort to communicate with those of our readers "who have but lately come and those who are forever young." Mr. Page will not be able to answer all the antiquarian questions to which Mr. Martin gave such patient attention. If they are sent us, hereafter, we shall print them when of sufficient importance, in Our Reader's Forum, and ask whoever can furnish the desired information, to do so.

The gifts, big and little, are flowing into the American Board treasury. The books will be kept open until Sept. 4 and then will the record be a round million?

Many churches are planning to observe Sept. 2 as Labor Sunday. It is an appropriate time to emphasize the spirit of fraternity among all honest workers.

It has been discovered that tainted meat is used in hundreds of saloons in Chicago for "free lunches." Next to the garbage heap the saloons are places to look for things unfit to eat or drink.

"President Roosevelt has a Yale temperament with a Harvard training and Secretary Taft has a Yale training with a Heidelberg shape." This is Wallace Irwin's witty characterization in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The first number of the *British Congregationalist* is at hand. It is the successor of the *London Independent* and of the *Examiner* and of the *Christian News* and incorporates

them all. Success to our contemporary across the sea!

We observe that visiting laymen take a prominent part in some of the current Old Home Week Sunday observances in the country towns. That's right. Get the laymen to bear witness to the faith that is in them not only on Old Home Week Sunday but all through the summer.

There can't be more than one Sunday before Sept. 1 which will try men's souls and bodies as last Sunday did. But a hot August Sunday is often made more endurable for the man in the pulpit, if not for the people in the pews, by the fact that in four cases out of five he is preaching an old sermon.

Great Britain sends yearly 4,000,000 letters through New York to Canada at two cents each. But it costs five cents to send a letter from Great Britain to New York by the same steamers. It will not be many years before postage between these countries will be reduced to two cents an ounce.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature issues its annual call to ministers and churches to observe Sept. 9 or 16 as Bible Study Sunday. Ministers who address the Institute at Hyde Park, Ill., will receive suggestions for the service and material to assist in preparing for it. No fee is asked for registration or materials.

Mr. Moreton Frewen, the English bi-metalist, discussing the rise of prices, says that the dollar has lost one-quarter of its purchasing power in the last ten years and is likely to lose another quarter in the next ten years. That means that the man with a fixed salary or income will have it reduced one-half in value—not a pleasant condition or prospect for most ministers.

The *Sacred Heart Review* says that 50,000 immigrants from Spain came to Cuba last year, and that of the \$1,000,000 appropriated by the Cuban Congress this year to promote immigration, about four fifths will be used to transport families from Spain and the Canary Islands. Thus Spain is coming to recapture peacefully in service the land from which she has been expelled as a ruler.

Major Gen. Sir Alexander Tulloch in the *Nineteenth Century*, writing of the development of manufactures in Japan, says that he now orders sent to him in London by mail, boots excellently made in Yokohama, of American leather, at just one-half the cost of similar boots in London shops. Coming changes foreshadowed in that statement may be left for the present to the imagination.

So Esperanto got a recognition at the World's Y. P. S. C. E. Convention in Geneva, elsewhere reported for us by Dr. Clark. If that much-heralded language becomes universal it may considerably simplify proceedings at future international religious gatherings. Doctor Clark's excellent sermon at the convention on Calvin, whom he characterized as a young man's man, has been printed in the *London Christian World*.

In a private letter to a member of the Newburyport Bethel Society, Dr. Grenfell writes: "I am just building a new mission boat for the new hospital and I think the name that your old boat was called would be admirable for it. It will be a motor launch and I propose to call it the *Glad Tidings*." It was in the *Glad Tidings* of Newburyport, a large sailboat, that our Mr. Carpenter, alias "Mr. Martin" went out to carry the gospel to Labrador in 1860.

A feature of the A. M. A. meeting at Oberlin, will be the gathering in Warner Hall on Wednesday evening, when Musical Director G. W. Andrews will illustrate the development of the music of the colored race, from the plantation songs to the cantata of Hiawatha by Mr. Coleridge Taylor. Prof. John W. Work will give an address on old and new

songs of the Southland and the Jubilee Singers will furnish the vocal illustrations of the subject.

An American gentleman traveling in Russia saw in *The Congregationalist* of July 14 an appeal to our denomination to raise \$200,000 to aid in rebuilding Congregational churches in California destroyed by the earthquake. He thinks the amount a modest one as compared with what Presbyterians and Methodists are doing and he offers to be one of 200 persons to give \$1,000 each to make up the sum asked for. We shall be glad to announce other similar offers, to be accepted when the whole amount is pledged.

The historic town of Harper's Ferry, W. Va., was the scene last week of a gathering of Negroes who have recently projected what they called "the Niagara movement," designed to secure the rights of their race. Professor DuBois of Atlanta, Rev. R. C. Ransom of Boston and other leading blacks were prominent in the proceedings. The platform issued bristles with frequent use of the term "we want" and the movement is evidently guided by radical elements among the blacks who chafe under present disabilities.

The *Presbyterian* of Toronto, commenting on the prevalence of gambling in Canada, gives the following incident, which we should hardly venture to quote if we had found it in a daily paper or in a religious paper of any other denomination:

A short time ago a gentleman spent the night in a reputable hotel in one of our smaller Canadian cities. He was kept awake by the voices of a party of men in a room adjoining his who played cards for money all night long until six in the morning. He happened next day to find out who one of the men was. He was a well-known Presbyterian.

In our issue of Aug. 4, an article appeared from the pen of Miss Mary C. Crawford, concerning the Chinese ambassador, Chentung Liang. We have a gracious letter from him acknowledging his interest in the article, but saying that the statement that he is largely responsible for the movement to boycott American goods in China is untrue. Sir Chentung Liang goes on to say, "I emphatically disclaim that I had anything to do with the boycott movement against American goods." We gladly hasten to correct this error, and regret much that it has caused the honored ambassador any annoyance. To those who know his record and his spirit, such contradiction of the unfortunate mis-statement is hardly needed.

Personalia

Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffith of Ithaca, N. Y., is announced to preach in Congregational churches in England and Scotland during the Sundays in August and September.

Dr. William Rader, formerly pastor of the Third Church in San Francisco, is preaching in the Central Theater, located in the heart of what is to be the new city.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John T. Gulick have decided to make Hawaii their future home. They have been in the service of the American Board for many years in China and Japan.

Misled by a statement in an Iowa paper, we said that Hon. Charles E. Magoun was a nephew of the late Pres. George F. Magoun of Iowa College. The two families to which they belong are not related.

General Booth of the Salvation Army is making a five weeks' preaching tour through the British Isles, which began at Inverness, Scotland, and is to end at Plymouth, Eng. He rides in a white motor car with red colored wheels.

Rev. Hugh Black, who is to come to New York toward the end of September, is preach-

ing to crowded audiences at his church in Edinburgh, the Free St. George's. On a recent Sunday evening every possible amount of space was occupied half an hour before the service was to begin.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, the novelist and dramatist who wrote under the name of John Oliver Hobbes, died suddenly in London last week. She was American born although most of her life has been spent abroad. She was a Roman Catholic, though not reared in that faith.

The sermons of Charles H. Spurgeon have been published regularly each week since his death fourteen years ago as they were for many years previous. On Aug. 9 the three thousandth sermon was issued. Over one hundred and fifty million copies of sermons have been issued in weekly form.

Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, has been resting in retirement for several months. He was announced to conduct a series of evangelistic services last week at Llandrindod, following a convention for deepening spiritual life in which several leaders of the late revival took part. Llandrindod is a fashionable watering place in Wales.

Rev. John K. Browne, who has just returned to Turkey as a missionary of the American Board, seems quite too young to be called a veteran, and yet it is thirty-one years since he left his pastorate in Cambridgeport, Mass., to join the Harpoot Station in Eastern Turkey. He is known especially as a "touring missionary" and his chief delight has been to visit and preach in the cities and villages among the mountains and in the plains of Eastern Turkey. Three years ago, the health of both Mr. and Mrs. Browne compelled them to return to this country, with little expectation of being able to go back to the mission. Meantime Mr. Browne has been speaking in behalf of missions constantly and with great acceptance, especially in the Interior States, where he for nearly a year has assisted District Secretary Hitchcock at the Chicago office. During this time, his daughter Alice has gone as a missionary to North China. It having become apparent that Mrs. Browne's health would not permit her to return to Turkey, Mr. Browne goes back to Harpoot to resume, to such an extent as he is able, touring work and aid in the seminary and station at Harpoot, where his counsel and instruction will be greatly prized. It is a heroic sacrifice that these Christian missionaries are making, but heroism is in the make up of missionaries.

The daughter of a New England Congregational minister, Miss Elizabeth S. Colton, is becoming renowned in scholarly circles. Her father, Rev. A. M. Colton, was for many years pastor of the First Church in Easthampton, Mass., and widely esteemed up and down the Connecticut Valley. The daughter has achieved distinction in the field of Orientalism and comparative religion. She spent last winter in Berlin, taking special courses in Semitic studies, Sanskrit and the languages of the Parsees, Persian and Chinese. She is said to be the mistress of many languages and has received high honors at the hands of leading scholars at Berlin and the American Colony, including Ambassador and Mrs. Tower. Miss Colton's success is the more interesting because she began her Latin and Greek with her father but owing to responsibilities at home was not able to give herself uninterruptedly to her scholarly ambitions. She persisted against obstacles, graduated from the American Institute of Sacred Literature and then entered Radcliffe, and being the only student who wished to study Oriental languages and religions she was admitted, as a special favor, to the men's classes at Harvard. The net result of her studies has been to confirm her Christian faith. "These records of past ages," she says, "always bring me back to the Bible of my father with a stronger faith." She is now on her way to India to continue her studies of Sanskrit and the religion of the Hindus.

The Politics of the Prairie View Sunday School

A Story in Six Chapters of a Moral Triumph

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELTON, TOPEKA, KAN.

I. THE COUNTY ATTORNEY

Mr. Rodney Blake, county attorney for Milton County, sat in his office one September day going over the list of cases for the fall term of court. It was an unusually full list and there were circumstances connected with some of the special cases that made Mr. Blake unusually irritated and nervous.

The clerk of the Probate Court had lounged into the county attorney's office and Blake was giving him his views as to the troubles of county attorneys in general.

"Tell you, Clark, half these cases ought to be dismissed. The other half—well, I have my opinion. No jury on earth will ever convict in the McLane case. All my work and eloquence wasted. I wouldn't mind if I had anything to gain by it. What under heaven do I care for the name of conducting the affair to a finish? It's a foregone conclusion. Same in the Elbright case. Waste the people's money and mine to push it through. The conviction only gets me \$25, but no jury will ever convict. Hello! O yes! Yes, Ma'am. This is the county attorney's office. Won't you take a chair, Madam?"

The county attorney rose and proffered a chair to an elderly woman who had just come into the office. The clerk of the Probate Court made a movement as if to go out, but the first words the woman spoke determined him to remain.

"I am Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. Blake. I have come to see you about Clem Rodgers."

"Clem Rodgers!" The county attorney repeated the name in undisguised astonishment, and stared at the visitor hard.

"Clem Rodgers, I understand, is one of the seven jointists in Milton. I am a comparative stranger in Milton, Mr. Blake. In fact, I have been here only four months. But I have been here long enough to realize the situation, and I felt it to be my duty to see you about it."

"Yes Ma'am," said the county attorney, as the woman paused and looked at him through her eyeglasses very calmly. He shuffled his feet under his desk and tapped nervously with a lead pencil on top of it.

"I understand that Clem Rodgers, like the other jointists, is licensed to sell liquor under an arrangement by the city council and that such an arrangement is understood by you. Am I correct, Mr. Blake?"

The county attorney reddened angrily.

"The jointists pay a fine for running. They always have done it."

"Under what provision of the constitution of the state?"

"The constitution!"

Mrs. Guthrie eyed the county attorney quietly. He stared back at her for a moment and then burst into a laugh.

"Madam, you are, as you say, a comparative stranger in Milton. If you had lived here as long as I have, you would know that any other plan except the one in practice here would be a failure. The joints would run anyway, and under the fine system the city gets revenue. Public

sentiment will not endure any other treatment of the joints."

"But the law!"

"O, the law! It's a dead letter. The community of Milton makes the law."

"But the churches!"

"The churches!" Mr. Blake laughed contemptuously. "The churches! The churches don't count! Let any minister in Milton meddle with the joints and his head comes off. The ministers have too much sense. They stick to the simple gospel and don't meddle with politics."

Mrs. Guthrie looked at the county attorney for a moment in grave silence. He moved impatiently at his desk as if hinting that he must attend to business. The visitor, however, was not at all nervous or ill at ease. She hitched her chair up a little nearer the county attorney and said quietly:

"On your own confession, Mr. Blake, you acknowledge that the city of Milton makes a law for itself in defiance of the law of the state constitution which declares liquor selling in joints or saloons to be a crime. You also sit in your office knowing this fact, and do nothing to arrest the criminals. Among these criminals is a man by the name of Clem Rodgers. He is behind his bar this minute at the Opera House Hotel selling liquor as openly as if he ran a grocery store. You know this as well as I do. You knew it when you took your oath of office six months ago. And for six months you have perjured yourself before God and this state because you entered the office of county attorney with the intention of permitting this particular class of criminals to run their particular criminal business unmolested. Am I right in what I have said so far?"

The woman had spoken in a deliberate fashion, without raising her voice or showing a particle of passion, by gesture or expression. The county attorney turned livid. If his visitor had been a man, perhaps he would have struck him. As it was, he was in a condition of irritated indecision which Clark, sitting on the edge of a desk, thoroughly enjoyed. Blake was such a dapper, self-satisfied fellow that his friends in politics were glad to see him catch it occasionally. The present occasion was rare. Neither Blake nor Clark could recall anything like it since they had been in office.

Mrs. Guthrie seemed to wait for an answer, and finally the county attorney burst out:

"Of course, Madam, you don't expect me to incriminate myself by replying to your polite queries. You don't sense the situation here in Milton. But, I regret to say—excuse me, Ma'am, I have a very busy day"—

"So have I, Mr. Blake. It is my business to do—so far as I can—just what you are elected to do. Unfortunately I am a woman, and as I do not believe in using a hatchet on Clem Rodgers's joint I am powerless to disturb him in his lawlessness, even for a few minutes. But I can come to you and I do come to say

this: For two weeks Clem Rodgers has been selling whisky to my nephew, Howard Raymond. The boy was an only son of my widowed sister. They live out in Prairie View Township, four miles from Milton. Howard has a quarter section there. Ten years ago he married Bertha Harris, whose father runs the Arnold Ranch on Ellis Creek. They have three children. The farm was clear of encumbrance when my nephew went on to it. It was one of the happy families of Kansas. My sister came out here because she wanted to raise her family in a prohibition state. But today if you want to see a section of what hell can do with a man and his wife, go out to Howard Raymond's home. He is hopelessly involved with his farm. His wife lives in an atmosphere between insanity and a desire to save her children from the father's fate. You probably don't know all about the misery that flows into and out of drinking men's houses, but I do, because I was born and reared near the Cowgate in Edinburgh, and I want to say to you, because I do not believe any other form of speech would have any effect on such a man as you are, that when the judgment day comes around, you will have to stand up and tell why you perjured yourself in office and did your part as a coward, to help my nephew and others like him to poison the lives of mothers and little children and kill their souls with despair and hate and all unholy things.

"When you and Clem Rodgers stand up before God at last, Clem will be like an angel of light by the side of you. He is only a hired hand, employed at so much a day by the Brewers of Missouri, but you, you—an officer of the great State of Kansas, with the constitution behind you and God above you—you go into office, and after solemnly swearing in God's name to protect the constitution, contemptuously ignore the lawlessness of a criminal business which exists on the most monumental heap of ruined homes and blasted affections of any traffic known to the race in all centuries. You do this deliberately, because you say public sentiment is against the law. What has public sentiment got to do with your oath of office? You are elected to create public sentiment. But what's the use?"

For the first time since she entered the room the woman seemed to be physically moved. A tear rolled over her face and a sob shook her. For a moment she sat clenching her chair with both hands; then suddenly she rose and turned her back on the county attorney and the clerk and walked out. As she opened the door the two men heard her exclaim brokenly: "O, Bertha! My God! What will she do! My pretty little ones! God help!"

There was a moment of embarrassed silence as the door closed. The clerk gave utterance to a prolonged whistle.

"Well, that beats hatchet throwing! If Clem Rodgers is an angel of light, think what you must be, Rod! It's great!"

"Shut up, will you!" exclaimed Blake savagely. "Of all fanatics save me from the woman sort. Confound her and her Scotch blessing. Turn the key in the door will you, Clark, until I get these cases licked into shape."

"Are you going to do anything, Rod?" asked the clerk, who still sat on the desk, immensely amused over the event.

The county attorney swore. "Do anything! Would you, after a tirade like that? You're no fool, Clark. What could I do in Milton? I couldn't get a jury to convict Clem Rodgers if I had every man in Milton as a witness to prove him guilty. You know that as well as I do. Let's talk sense. Bah! It makes me tired to hear such rot."

"I should think Clem might be ruled out or fined \$100 extra for selling to hard drinkers, though," put in Clark with some seriousness.

"Let him look out for himself. It's none of my business. Raymond is a fool. His wife used to live with Judge Peters in Topeka. I danced with her once at the inaugural ball of Governor Humphrey. She was a pretty girl."

The county attorney pulled up abruptly as if the memory were distasteful, and uttered a short laugh. Then he frowned and took up his papers. Clark still sat on the edge of the table eyeing Blake thoughtfully.

"If I were you, I'd do something. That woman, Mrs. Guthrie, will have it in for you—see if she doesn't."

"O what do I care for the old woman? She can't do anything. If she bothers me again, I'll simply refuse to listen."

"But she may influence the churches, or the people, or something," said Clark vaguely.

"Influence nothing. Might as well talk about her influencing old man Crane, editor of the *Gazette*. She doesn't know Milton. I've done as much as any county attorney ever did. I've kept the joints down to seven and run out all the low down little dirty dives on South Street. The town's pretty clean, I tell you. We have very little trouble compared with Topeka. They're always having a row there. We're a good deal better off than they are, ain't we?"

"Don't ask me to go bail for your holiness," said Clark almost with contempt. "Between you and me, Rod, the old lady told some mighty unpleasant truths. I don't care to trade places with you."

"You don't have to," rejoined the county attorney with a show of irritation. He leaned over his papers as if to cut off further talk and Clark lounged towards the door. He was about to put his hand on the knob when the door opened and another woman came in. Clark stepped back and during the scene that followed was a silent but intensely interested spectator. Telling it afterwards to a gaping crowd in the probate judge's office, he declared he did not exaggerate when he believed he had never seen any man get it so good and heavy as Rod Blake did on that memorable occasion.

The woman was young and bore traces of beauty which much trouble and deep disappointment had not yet wiped out. She went directly up to the county attorney's desk and remained standing, except during the somewhat melodramatic instant when she knelt. Most of the

time she spoke as Mrs. Guthrie had, in a quiet, dispassionate way that seemed content to state the simple facts.

"Mr. Blake, maybe you don't remember me. I'm Mrs. Raymond, Howard Raymond's wife from Prairie View Township. I've come in to see if you can't do something to Clem Rodgers."

"Clem Rodgers!" Blake repeated, as before.

"Clem has been selling to Howard right along for two weeks. I've been running the farm the best I could. He hasn't been home except two days all this time. Can't you do anything?"

The county attorney looked actually embarrassed. He was not used to this direct method of appeal and was disturbed by it.

"I don't see what I can do. You know as well as I do what the policy of this town is. The most I could do would be to warn Clem not to sell to your husband. And he might or he might not heed it."

"The most you can do! The most, did you say! With the constitution of Kansas to back you up? And my husband drinking himself dead for two weeks? And the farm going to the dogs, and the children growing up to curse their father because they are afraid of him?"

She spoke with such a soft, simple voice that Clark said afterwards it made his nerves creep. Blake sat still at first and then, giving way to his nervous irritation, he burst out:

"O you know what the fine policy is in Milton. What can I do! The whole sentiment of the place is in favor of it. The council and the *Gazette* and all the business houses, and even the churches, what can I do? I can't do anything. If your husband's bound to drink he'll get it, anyhow. I can't do anything, I tell you. I couldn't get Clem Rodgers convicted by a jury on any evidence that could be brought. What's the use of talking about the impossible?"

Mrs. Raymond did not seem to hear a word the county attorney had said. She looked at him out of eyes that carried the look of sleepless nights and nightmare days in them.

"Howard is one of the best men that ever lived when he is sober. He wouldn't seek the drink if it was hard to find, I know he wouldn't. He goes into Clem Rodgers's for the social company. It's a pleasant place and Clem knows how to keep it so. If he was obliged to close and the others—and you are the county attorney, are you not? My aunt, Mrs. Guthrie, has been to see you. She advised me not to come. I have come, nevertheless. Can't you do anything—can't you?"

"I said I couldn't. What's the use talking about it?"

"But see!" The woman, to Blake's confusion and Clark's amusement, and afterward to his shame, suddenly knelt close by Blake's chair and looked up at him. He said afterward he believed she was crazy. Maybe she was. She had experienced enough to make any wife and mother insane.

"Do you remember, Rodney Blake, the night you danced with me at the governor's ball? Do you remember what you said to me as we walked home together that night to Judge Peters's? You said I was the prettiest girl in Milton County

and you tried to kiss me, and I wouldn't let you, and you—you said words to me that no man should speak, so that I ran away, and from then to now have hardly seen you. But I married and for a few years was happy. What were you to me? Nothing but a memory of the few shameful words which you uttered.

"And now my husband, so brave and handsome and able, is a wreck already. He is going to hell. Do you hear me, to hell as fast as the devil can snatch him and no one to pull him back. Unless you do what the law commands you to do, unless—God save him!—you and others like you put this temptation far from him. Am I asking too much? See, I beg—I beseech! Do something—help me! I am going mad with it. Day and night—day and night! And no one to do anything. See! I kneel to you, from whom I once ran away in fear of my good name. But it is for my children's sake—for them, not for myself. And their father. O help me—save me—save him! For God's sake don't let it kill him!—and the children and me!"

The county attorney was moved. The woman's appeal was so direct that he could not help being moved by it. But on the other hand he was angry that Clark had witnessed such a scene and had heard what he had of the past. Mrs. Raymond, still kneeling, put her hands over her face and began to cry in great sobs that shook her shoulders. The sound seemed to irritate the county attorney anew.

"I've told you I can't do anything. I would if I could, but I can't. I've told you"—

(To be continued.)

American Men Versus Women

BY KATE F. KIMBALL

That astute observer and critic, Mr. Henry James, has been studying his countrymen from a new point of view. His recent visit to this country seems to have impressed him with the fact that the American man is deteriorating under the stress of our material civilization. He finds the American woman going ahead, grappling with practical problems, but also awake to the possibilities of enjoyment in the world of art and literature. And he shakes his head, metaphorically, and wonders where the future cultivated women of this country will find husbands who are truly companionable.

Was it not our own genial and hopeful Mr. Howells who uttered somewhat similar sentiments not long since? The remedy for this state of things is not easily applied. Industrial conditions, long hours, the frantic desire for riches and luxury on the part of both men and women keep many devoted husbands and brothers hopelessly chained to a commercial treadmill from which they emerge too weary to seek refreshment in anything but the lighter sort of entertainments.

How many young business men in New York or Chicago find genuine delight in the spring and fall exhibitions of the works of American artists? How many bright, intelligent college bred young men grow each year in their sense of companionship with the world's great writers? Look at any evening train on a suburban railway filled with young, vigorous, ambitious business men. Probably all of them have read one daily paper, and most of them are now skimming another. It would be hard to find one man in a hundred who had in his hand or in his pocket a book that was worth reading. And yet, this is the day of cheap books—the masterpieces

of literature. Twenty, thirty minutes a day on the average, these young fellows are giving up to reading which is for the most part worthless.

What is the matter with our ambitious young America? One realizes as he looks about what an immense service could be rendered to such people by a well directed course of reading, such, for instance, as the too little appreciated Chautauqua course. If a man hasn't decided tastes of his own, and wants to be set on the right track, it starts him off with a splendid impetus. The keen enjoyment of men and books and pictures which such a person develops, shows what a man can do with his odd minutes. One of these broad-minded business men said, not long since, that he left school when he reached the eighth grade, as there were younger members of the family who had to be supported, that he devoted himself to business very earnestly, but that the Chautauqua Reading Course, coming at an early period of his life, helped to establish systematic habits of reading and to give him an outlook on life, which he felt had been one of the most important influences in his career. He added that his business of life insurance had necessitated his speaking sometimes to university audiences, and he felt, as he looked back over his life, that the one thing which

had helped him most of all, was this broad, systematic course of reading which had come to him at a formative period in his life.

Chautauqua Institution, in its fair home upon Chautauqua Lake in western New York, is regarded by some people as a camp meeting and by some as a mere summer resort. These are the verdicts of Americans who have never been there. But in Russia and in Japan and in South Africa and in the Argentine Republic, Chautauqua is known as a great force in the enlightenment of the world. President Roosevelt called it, "The most American thing in America." What he meant would seem to be just this—that America has a genius for applying a remedy whenever a need is discovered. Given a hundred thousand or more busy, ambitious people who would like to live in a larger world, to have more sources of enjoyment, to be something more than commonplace, plodding folk and lo—American genius, in this case Bishop Vincent, Chautauqua's famous chancellor, finds a remedy, which today appeals to both men and women, as forcefully as it did twenty years ago. No live young man need fear the scorn of the college bred maiden while America leads the world in schemes for popular education, and he himself is enterprising enough to utilize them.

The Professor's Chair

By Henry Churchill King, President Oberlin College

This department is confined to questions of the ethical and religious life, and of philosophical and theological thinking. In the necessary choice among the questions submitted, the interests of the largest number of readers are had in mind. Questions may be sent to Dr. King, care of The Congregationalist, or directly to Oberlin, O.

282. May I ask whether we have any way in which to ascertain the length of time involved in the public ministry of Jesus?—W. E. G. (Minnesota.)

This problem involves, of course, the entire problem of the chronology of the better known part of the life of Christ. The older view tended to give Christ's ministry a length of about three and one-half years. The prevalent later opinion seems inclined to shorten this period by one, or perhaps even two years. The writer on the chronology of the New Testament in Hastings' Bible Dictionary, for example, would make the length of the public ministry of Christ about two and one-half years, while the writer in the Encyclopedia Biblica, would still further reduce the time. The grounds for these different views are given at length in the articles referred to.

283. 1. Is it customary among Congregational churches to receive to membership children who give no evidence of piety, but have a good moral character, having been under the influence of the Church and Sunday school? 2. In your opinion, is it a good practice? 3. Do you think the child would be more likely to become a child of God?—M. W. E. (Maine.)

1. I suppose the prevalent custom is to find out in the case of the child, as in the case of an adult, whether the child sincerely means to be a disciple of Christ. The most convincing evidence, however, of such discipleship might well be the character of the life, as shown in such ways as children could show it. 2. I should think it was desirable that there should be at least some appreciation on the part of the child of the meaning of the Church as the fellowship of Christian disciples. But evidence of a mature Christian experience it would seem to me unreasonable to expect or require. 3. A child who had made what might be thought a very tentative beginning in the Christian life might still, I think, wisely be brought into the fellowship of the Church, if the child himself clearly desired to take such a

step; and the child ought in that fellowship to be more likely to grow into a mature Christian life.

284. A quotation in a recent issue of The Congregationalist mentions "the democratic impulse and idealism that draws men from the problem of the salvation of the individual soul to that of saving society." If you can explain the *modus operandi* of saving society apart from the individual souls thereof, kindly do so.—A. S. L. (Iowa.)

The thought of the quotation, I suppose, is that the attention of men seeking the progress of the kingdom of God might be concentrated, on the one hand, simply on the problem of bringing the individual man into right relations with God; or, on the other hand, might be concentrated on the problem of Christianizing all the organized forces of society and the State. The two cannot be, of course, entirely dissociated. The difference in point of view must necessarily be one of emphasis. The two notions cannot be taken as mutually exclusive; for if a man is really set right in his relations to God, and consequently conceives what it means to be a true child of the Heavenly Father, he cannot fail to be what he ought to be as a brother of other children of God. And he will be ready, therefore, to see the demands which brotherhood makes upon him in the varied relations of society and the State. At the same time, it must be confessed that few people so adequately see the logical implications of their underlying purposes as to carry out all those implications in life. And one of the great steps of advance in our own time has been a great awakening on the part of Christian men to the fact that as a whole even Christians have not recognized the extent to which they were members one of another with all classes of society, and the extent to which un-Christian assumptions, motives and purposes were ruling in many processes of social and political life. And one might conceivably be so taken up with this Christianization of organizations and environment as almost to forget the great individual claim. In truth, each point of view really requires the other to complete it. But if either is to be regarded as fundamental, I should agree with the implications of my inquirer, that the only fundamental way of saving society is to make its individual members what they ought to be.

285. Does every one consciously experience the time of transition from an inherited belief to a belief of his own, or could the transition be unconscious?—F. G. (New York.)

I think it is quite possible that the transition might be made so gradually as to be almost unconscious. In that case, one might wake up, after a considerable lapse of time, to find that he had reached convictions distinctly different from those in which he had been brought up. If one's educational environment has been favorable and the instruction wisely adapted, it is exactly such a half-unconscious transition which I suppose ought to take place. It is quite conceivable that one might in this way have faced, one by one, all the most important questions of his time without having had in his own experience any sense of distinct shock in passing from one stage to another—his training and thinking having gone forward step by step with the questions raised, so that as each question appeared in its turn, he found himself prepared to solve it without any sense of serious rupture with his past.

286. In the parable of the tares [Matt. 13: 24-43], we read, "The tares are the sons of the evil one." Tares cannot be changed to wheat, and it seems hard to avoid the impression that the evil persons represented are, by their very nature, worthless, being the opposite from the good people typified by the wheat. Why did our Lord use such a comparison? How do you reconcile the impression it conveys with the parable of the prodigal son, which describes the wanderer as no less a true child of his Father?—H. S. H. (Massachusetts.)

In the interpretation of the parables I suppose we have to be very carefully on our guard not to press the interpretation of the parable at all points, but to confine its lesson to the one or two plain intentions for which the illustration is introduced. Christ's main contention in this parable of the tares seems to be that we must expect the association of good and evil throughout the earthly life; that we cannot hope wisely to try to draw sharp lines of separation between the good and the evil members of society; that such work of separation belongs to God rather than to men. Or in Dr. Bruce's words: "This parable embodies the great principle of bad men being tolerated for the sake of the good. It relegates to the end the judgment which the contemporaries of Jesus, including the Baptist, expected at the beginning of the Messianic kingdom." Practically all the rest seems to me to belong to the machinery of the parable. And no inferences are to be drawn from the terms of the parable that would be inconsistent with those personalities for which the seed, whether of wheat or of tares, is made to stand. The illustration, in other words, in this parable, is taken from the sub-personal world, and will necessarily be much less limited in its full application to the facts of the personal life in relation to God than such a parable as that of the prodigal son, which moves wholly in the sphere of personal relations. The more obscure and less adequate is to be interpreted by the clearer and more adequate, rather than vice versa.

Biographical

REV. JOSEPH W. CROSS

The oldest Congregational minister in the United States, Rev. Joseph Warren Cross, died of old age at the home of his daughter in Lawrence on Sunday, Aug. 19. He was a graduate of Harvard College, Class of 1828, and a student in Andover Seminary in 1834. His pastorates in this state were at Boxboro and West Boylston, and he was for a time chaplain of the insane asylum at Worcester. The State Association two years ago sent him by formal vote a message of greeting on his ninety-sixth birthday. He was born in East Bridgewater, June 16, 1808.

A little learning is not a dangerous thing if you know it is a little learning.—E. E. Hale.

Money Making—the Christian View

Does Christ Sanction It

BY REV. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT, D. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Did Christ forbid us to get rich? Our English brethren differ as widely as we do about the answer to that question. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished editor of the *British Weekly*, said a few weeks ago: "There are passages in the New Testament which after two thousand years of anxious human thinking we do not understand. What does our Lord really mean, for example, by his precepts about non-resistance? What does he really mean when he says, 'Lay not up treasures on earth?' We have all explained these passages and thought we understood them. What if it should turn out that we have merely explained them away?"

These words have attracted much attention. Of the writers whose pens they have set at work, some count Dr. Nicoll's words a partial indorsement of misquotations and misapplications of the Sermon on the Mount "in support of fanatical, ultra-social and utterly impracticable conclusions." Others use them to re-enforce the belief that Christ prohibits the accumulation of wealth. Some find in them a much needed "challenge to a fresh and unbiased study of our Lord's solemn utterance."

To use the Master's command seems plain. We think he meant exactly what he said. What he said was not, "Lay not up treasures on earth," but, "Lay not up *for yourselves* treasures on earth." (Though the italics are ours the context requires them.) This is a prohibition with an implied permission. A child when forbidden to eat with his knife, understands that he is allowed to eat in a proper way. When Paul told the Philippians to do nothing through strife or vain glory, we do not infer that he meant them to do nothing.

Christ was forbidding men's doing in the wrong way the things he expected them to do, and that they surely would do. "Take heed that you do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them." No one dreams that he meant his disciples were not to do righteousness. "When ye pray ye shall not be as the hypocrites are." By that he did not mean to prohibit prayer. "Moreover, when ye fast be . . . not of a sad countenance," did not forbid fasting.

Immediately after these three injunctions follows the fourth about laying up treasures. As he has assumed that his disciples will give alms, pray and fast, he assumes that they will lay up treasures on earth and implicitly approves their doing so. But he forbids their doing so with wrong motives just as he has forbidden them to pray with wrong motives. Then (we suppose because the temptation to be overcome in money getting is so subtle, strong and so rarely conquered) he arms them by showing the wisdom of his command.

He tells them if they lay up treasures *for themselves* on earth they will be cheated. Moth and rust and thieves will make that sure. He has elsewhere in the parable of the Rich Fool who laid up treasure "for himself" shown that death is a thief no

one eludes. If they lay up treasures *for themselves* on earth their affections will be fixed upon worldly instead of heavenly possessions, "for where a man's treasure is there will his heart be also."

In the parables of the Last Judgment, of the Laborers in the Vineyard, and in many other utterances Christ has shown that the sure way of laying up treasure in heaven is to lay up and use unselfishly treasures on earth. If thine eye be single, and sees facts as they are you will see that these things are so.

No man can serve two masters. If you try to get wealth for selfish ends your affections will be set on it so that you will become a slave of the money-god.

Therefore do not be anxious about what ye shall eat or drink or wear (do not be careful to accumulate *for yourselves*), because that is both useless and needless. Your Heavenly Father will provide for you. Your business is to become like him; to forget self in caring for others. "Seek ye first his kingdom and righteousness." This is the creed all soldiers are expected to adopt. They are to care for others and trust the State to provide for themselves.

Thus Christ taught that it is right to accumulate riches for the good of others by declaring it wrong to heap them up for self, and every line of his teaching is a photograph of human experience. The justification urged in defense of great fortunes is "the good of the community." Concentrations of capital build railroads, develop industries, employ labor and the like. They are right because they are beneficent. If this is a man's motive for getting riches he has Christ's approval. If it is not he cannot honestly secure his own.

The Master's conduct is the best interpreter of his words. He commended Zacchæus because he had shown in some degree this spirit. He had not accumulated for self alone. "Half of my goods I give to the poor." No one acquainted with human nature will easily believe that the other half was gathered or used by pure selfishness.

Our Lord never taught that a rich man could not enter the kingdom. He said that he could; that it was hard, but possible. It would not be possible if laying up treasures on earth were in itself sinful.

When the "Miser" of Marseilles fed on crumbs and wore rags to accumulate money, his neighbors despised and the urchins jeered him. But when they discovered that he had denied himself to lay up money for the sole purpose of providing pure water for their city so that the wives and children of other people might not longer be killed by drinking poison as his dear ones had been, they counted him a hero; and justly, because he had obeyed the Master by laying up treasures on earth not for himself but for others.

If one builds a railroad from New York to San Francisco, thinking the while only of the pitiful millions it will put into his own pocket, his soul will shrink till in the breast of Paul it would have as much

room as a whitedish in Lake Erie. But if he builds it for the sake of pouring the abundance of the West into the lap of the hungry East, and to increase the value for others of every acre between the two oceans, he will grow towards the measure of the stature of the Master. Such a man, moreover, will be careful that the money he makes is made honestly, and if he finds he has "taken anything from any man by false accusation," will be of that number who "restore fourfold."

Making money honestly, that is, giving a full equivalent for what one receives, is loving one's neighbor as one's self. Making money in that way for the purpose of doing good to those whom God has committed to our charge and of benefitting all whom our influence can reach, is an act of the same kind as giving one's life for wife and child and country when due occasion calls. It is a following in the steps of him who having loved his own, loved them to the end, and gave his life for the world.

The Pastor as an Educator

BY REV. CORNELIUS H. PATTON, D. D.

Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

The writer so recently has come from the pastorate that he may be pardoned for making a personal incident a text. In my St. Louis pastorate a man occupied a front pew whose attentive and intelligent listening to the sermon was a constant inspiration. One day, taking occasion to mention to him my appreciation of this fact he replied: "Whatever power of thought I possess, or ability to follow the thought of others on high themes—in fact, all the education I have—I owe to the first pastor of this church, Rev. Truman M. Post, D. D. For twenty years I sat under his preaching, never missing a Sunday, and he became to me school, college and even theological seminary. Having been deprived of special educational privileges in my youth I nevertheless feel that I have obtained a liberal education from Dr. Post."

Alongside of this may be placed the similar testimony of a layman in another Western city. His pastor, after fifteen years, accepted a charge in another part of the country. He was not a brilliant preacher—perhaps not even an interesting one. In fact, this layman confessed that he considered his pastor decidedly dull. Ordinarily he found himself dozing through the sermon, or following in a half-hearted, listless way. But when the minister had gone he realized that something large had dropped out of his life, and upon reflection he discovered that that preacher had shaped practically every opinion he possessed; that not only in theology and religious matters, but in the realms of philosophy, science, sociology and public affairs, and even in literary and art standards he had sat at the feet of a master and unconsciously imbibed all his ideas. That minister has been gone now some three years, and the city where he taught has not ceased to lament his departure.

The effect of these two testimonies in favor of the teaching influence of the minister in these days of supposed pulpit decadence is not weakened by the fact that they come from the West.

The Pacific Coast Institute, which is in session the whole of this week at Tacoma, Wn., is composed mainly of superintendents, teachers and other officers of Indian schools. The themes to be discussed include a comprehensive study of the character and surroundings of the Indian and means of training them to be useful citizens. Round table conferences and receptions are a part of the program.

His Lordship the Country Parson

The Peculiar Satisfactions of a Rural Pastorate Seen Through the Purple Haze of Memory

BY JACOBUS BASILICANUS

There still remain, despite the restless hurry of our American life, tucked away amid the nooks of secluded New England, villages where the Puritan traditions linger and the pastor of the one church remains monarch of all he surveys, with rights disputed by the lawyer and the doctor alone. Of these is Beulahville, and there I began my ministry. So from this bounding, bustling "mill city," where the rush of many feet, scurrying after gold, drowns out the lifted protest of my sermons, my imagination goes flying back to those dear years when, for very truth, I was first; first at the council, first at the feast, first in the heart of the countryman.

Not discovering my premiership at once, my awakening to the real light in which the town regarded me came with a jolt. It was my first parish call and the house looked so deserted, so unpeopled that venturing one frisky foot upon the wheel I landed with a flying leap right in front of a venerable creature emerging from the side door to which I had drawn up. I pulled myself together and presented a fairly respectable appearance by the time he began to drawl, "Wal, sonny, an' who be you?"

My five-foot ten towered to six as I replied, "The minister"; but shriveled rapidly back the next minute beneath that provoking drawl, "Ye' be th' new min'ister! Why, yer baint nawthin' but a b-o-o-o-y!"

I walked the ways of quietness after that, and didn't begin to realize that six feet really was my size until town meeting day. Then first I discovered how utterly, how absolutely, I was to have my own way; how Priest Brownell rounding out his half-century in that one pastorate ruling the people with a rod of iron had dropped a mantle on my boyish shoulder very strange to wear.

I had been slated for the school committee, and felt it, having proposed before election certain emendations in one shabby school-house which won the approval of my *confreres-to-be*. Mr. Bancroft, solemn, sedate Mr. Bancroft, pleaded for the five hundred dollars needed; but the butcher, a radiant, generous soul, raised the bid to fifteen hundred, and both motion and amendment were lost. Then the deacon punched me, "You jump up and ask for something in between!" he whispered. I refused. The deacon was educated, honored, wealthy; decidedly no slip of a lad, no "b-o-o-o-y," should fill his place. But those sibilations continued in my ear: "I know men," cried he; "leastwise these men—and you're the parson. Get up!" I arose to make shakily my maiden town meeting effort.

"Gentlemen," I quavered; "we really must have some money for that schoolhouse and I ask for twelve hundred dollars."

That eloquence was sufficient, only the town drunkard dared vote against me. Nay more, in all my remaining years, though bringing in three, four, once even five, propositions to the meetings, save on the question of No license, the town drunkard remained my sole opponent. When it came to No license, the village was immovable. I stormed, I implored, I wrote them letters by the bushel, I pinned up posters, I gathered to my aid all sorts and conditions of orators from Mrs. Fessenden to Puddefoot.

"Passun's a good young feller," they murmured, "but he ain't practical, he's that flighty an' notional. We'll give him the license money for his schools." And, though I raged, that is just what they did.

But, better than my own way, they gave me their love. O, how they loved me, as these rushing city folk have no time to love! They

joyed in my joys, grieved with my grief, aspired with my ambitions, clapped heartily my small successes, transfigured with homely affection those funny, funny things which I took to be sermons. Why, when I fired two whole pages out of Robert Browning's *Last Adventures of Balaustion* over the pulpit top, they never blinked and, after next Sabbath's exchange with a famous preacher, brought around the familiar compliment, "Well, we had mighty smart preachin' this mornin'—but we wouldn't swap!"

In those days, being a bit poverty stricken on sermon topics, I took the advice of a neighboring minister's daughter—the sardonic minx!—to preach on "subjects pertaining to the home." So, wifeless, childless, reckless, I waded in to tell them all about managing spouses and bringing up infants. The sermons were especially admired by one female parishioner, thin, fair, forty and single, who, borrowing them out of an avid desire to manage husbands properly, carted the whole set home. She was local correspondent for the county paper and, to the unutterable delight of the whole association, the series appeared in weekly installments for the next month and a half. A year later I met the editor.

"Ah, Mr. Basilicanus! perhaps a relative of Mr. Basilicanus of Beulahville."

"I am Mr. Basilicanus of Beulahville."

"Yes, yes, doubtless, doubtless—I—er—er—referred to the pastor there, your father—or is he your grandfather?"

The worst wag in the whole association stood beside me. I am sore in spots over that series of sermons to this day.

They trusted me, told me their love affairs, consulted me on crops and investments—subjects on which I was utterly ignorant—whispered their dying faiths and agonies, allowed me once to prevent a divorce; but most of all let me send their children to school, pick out the courses, even arrange for the board. Maria Adeliza had me "up to tea" to persuade Pa on the subject of Vassar College, which Pa declared, "Just a hatchin'-machine for old maids." My success was such that the next day found him about the parish grumbling, "Parson says she's got to go, so she's got to, I suppose."

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the way they fed us. Never was a thing more unjustly satirized than the donation party. By strict count, I find that my journal mentions only one week during my pastorate when I did not go out to tea. Yet this was not all; vegetables, fruit, meat, flowed in until we sometimes longed for "a wise and salutary neglect," especially on that fateful Christmas when I plucked forty-eight solid pounds of fowl from the glistening glory of the tree. When guests arrived, and we were rather fond of them—Mother and I—Mrs. Davis flew on the wings of hospitality from next door, with smoking biscuits in her hand.

"I saw the depot hack drive to your door," she panted, "an' thought as how you might be taken sort of sudden like, so fetched these over. They be plum' spoiled in th' bakin'."

Her foot's swift echo had not faded from our porch when the form of Miss Pickering, veiled like an Oriental in a shawl, bearing a triumphant blueberry pie, appeared—a notable cook, Miss Pickering. "I saw the depot hack!" They all saw it. For them, charity began at the minister's back door and ended never. Why, as old Mrs. Bates, who from her throne of memory ruled the town, never forgot to send the pastor five dollars with every load of hay she sold, so when the morning prayer went up fervently for "a bountiful harvest," the whole parish interpreted that

word as "hay," though Farmer Tompkins's double garden, one ministerial half delivering fresh vegetables at the parsonage every morning without money and without price, might have been held equally responsible. Truly God made the country parish and man made the town. Still, I have been invited out to tea five times this year.

Was there no serpent in my Eden? no hiss of human commonness among all those lovely hills, those flower-spangled dales? Yes—and she came from the city, trailing behind a world-famous name, a set of liveried servants and a good-natured husband. Having bought and refurbished "Old Maid Lovejoy's," she installed her reign over us, tooting the horn of her four-in-hand as she drove past the church in service time, speaking of us indiscriminately as "Farmer Jones, Farmer Burns," etc.—it did seem a bit funny when applied to the judge—and at last, after many entreaties, coming in to morning service with a train of two children and five dogs, which latter she arranged in an indiscriminate row on a forward pew and listened listlessly to the sermon. Later, during a parish call, she asked if Madame Gallup, who occupied the ancient coaching tavern, "would take advantage and attempt a return call" should she go in to examine some carving in the venerable hostelry.

"Madam"—I arose in forty-parson power—"Mrs. Gallup is a lady! She could not intrude."

It was wasted splurging, up went the lorgnette while she gurgled: "Now, it is perfectly dear of you to say that! You country pastors are so quaint!"

Middle age has crept upon me here among these mills, and when I go back to Beulahville, "all, all are gone, the old familiar faces"; the judge who bade me "halt once in a while that his old legs might catch up with my young prancings," the authoress who declared it wise to "flush a young sword in good red country blood," the lad who lay dying on my breast and whispered, "Pastor, you are the only man I ever called my friend." O, what a joy to have known and loved them! I rise from my desk and, leaning from my window, can just catch a faint hint of green woods on the hills beyond, woods against which hideous contortions of Quisen-Anne apartment houses lift their uncouth griminess. A blue mist of mill smoke is blurring all the air, the electric lifts its voice and shrieks in angry dissonance as it rushes round the corner, the rumble of the city comes faintly over the hillcrest; but my soul is far away. Amid all this jangling roar that men do make, this ugliness thrice compounded, my spirit drifts on and on to where blue lakes lie mirroring round-topped hills in resplendent beauty, where daisied lanes lead to quaint old farmhouses and warm-hearted farmer welcomes. So amid it all I know that wherever my body may be the heart of me is even yet the heart of a Country Parson.

Several other newspapers are following the example of *The Congregationalist* in printing answers to correspondents as to how they would distribute the fortune willed to Mrs. Russell Sage by her husband. It is suggested that the advice of these persons would not have been of value to Mr. Sage as to how to accumulate his fortune and that their advice as to the distribution of it might not have been regarded by him as of any greater value. Few persons are able to give away wisely more money than they are able to get, though he would be a rarely modest man who counted himself among those few.

The Home and Its Outlook

To the Blackberry

I find thee by the country-side,
With angry matted thorn;
When first with dreamy woods and skies
The summer time is born.

By every fence and woodland path
Thy milk-white blossom blows;
In lonely haunts of mist and dream,
The summer airs inclose.

And when the freighted August days
Far into autumn lean,
Sweet, luscious, on the laden branch,
Thy ripened fruit is seen.

Dark gypsy of the glowing year,
Child of the sun and rain,
While dreaming by thy tangled path
There comes to me again

The memory of a happy boy,
Barefooted, freed from school,
Who plucked your rich lip-staining fruit
By roadways green and cool,

And tossed in glee his ragged cap,
With laughter to the sky;
Oblivious in the glow of youth
How the mad world went by;

Nor cared in realms of summer time,
By haunts of bough and vine,
If Nicholas lost the Volga,
Or Bismarck held the Rhine.

O time when shade with sun was blent,
So like an April shower,
Life has its flower and thorn and fruit,
But thou wert all its flower.

When every day Nepenthe lent,
To drown its deepest sorrow,
And evening skies but prophesied
A glorious skyed tomorrow.

O, long gone days of sunlit youth,
I'd live through years of pain,
Once more life's fate of thorn and fruit
To dream your flower again.

—Wilfred Campbell.

PROBABLY most mothers of boys and girls who are fond of ice cream will be warned by the occurrence at Salisbury Beach last week, when scores of excursionists were poisoned by eating ice cream bought from street vendors' carts. The much-desired nickel for cheap ice cream will be withheld, and for a time the lesson may even extend to a supervision of the cheap candy for which the children's pennies are spent. When we think of where and how the goodies are handled which grown people as well as children put into their stomachs, the wonder is that such sickness is not more common. Summer, with its opportunities for picnics and travel, is the time when we need to take the most precautions. Many typhoid scares have impressed upon us the danger of stopping to drink water from unknown sources by the roadside or on trains and in waiting-rooms. But we should like to add a word of caution against small soda fountains in summer resorts. A safe rule when in doubt is always to buy bottled tonics, such as ginger ale or sarsaparilla. It is the ounce of precaution in summer time which saves the pounds in doctor's bills.

On Getting Acquainted with Our Families

BY E. M. H.

It is not that we do not love our families, but that we do not know them. Love—even the most self-sacrificing—does not imply understanding. Many a mother who would die for her son is utterly blind to his most cherished aspirations. Many a father who would ruin himself for his daughter's happiness cannot converse with her an hour. Brothers and sisters, generous to a fault, live side by side with no mutual interests.

Of course we know well enough all the faults and foibles of our families. There is no trouble on that score. We may take a clannish pride in concealing them from strangers, but we discuss them freely among ourselves and openly charge the offenders with them. This knowledge, far from helping us to a better understanding, is a positive hindrance. We have a curious way of magnifying the faults till they entirely overshadow the virtues. The charity which condones and palliates the failings of strangers seems singularly lacking in family life. Moreover, with this exaggerated sense of our relatives' faults we take no pains to search out the more delicate and subtle traits of character. In fact it does not occur to us that they are worth knowing; we are too busy getting acquainted with other people.

So day after day we sleep under the same roof and sit at the same table, and touch each other's lives only on the surface. The fault is of course a two-sided one; we not only fail to understand the others, but we do not let them understand us. We neither seek in them nor offer to them the best things of life. We have a peculiar reticence—almost a shyness—in unveiling our hearts in our own family circle. Our most intimate relations are usually with outsiders.

Thus it often happens that we first learn from strangers how to appreciate our very own. Have you not sometimes marveled to see some member of your family "blossom out" in the presence of a stranger? Have you ever surprised any of your family somewhere outside the home and been surprised yourself, to see him as others see him? Parents hear with amazement—if not incredulity—the teacher's account of the children's ability in this or that direction. The boy first learns from his father's old college chum that the "old man" is a wit; the girl from her grandmother and aunts that her mother was a belle. By and by, when boy or girl comes to marry, it may be from the new "in-law" that the family learn of hidden traits and tastes which in long years of intercourse they had never suspected.

We are wont to complain that we have no time or opportunity to get acquainted with our families. The thousand and one calls of our rushing modern life exhaust our vitality. With too many books, too many social pleasures, too many clubs, too many philanthropies, there is nothing left for us for our home ties. The argu-

ment is tiresomely familiar; we have heard it fully exploited in the plea for the "simple life." But it is vain to rail against mere externals when the real difficulty is with ourselves. The utmost simplicity of life does not necessarily bring mutual family understanding, nor does a complex life destroy it. If we really want to know our people better we shall find a way.

Sometimes the revelation comes in a great crisis: sickness, financial stress, peril, bereavement. At such times our shyness drops off, we lose our self-consciousness. In the presence of the great realities we show the best which is in us. We are drawn together in an intimacy which sweetens the bitterest calamity. And then we learn what we have been missing all along, how much we might have had for the mere asking—and giving. Thenceforth we can never altogether relapse into the old indifference.

One of the most pathetic little stories I ever heard was of a sister who only came to know her brother on his death-bed. They had loved each other dearly, but his shy and more sensitive nature had found expression difficult. It was from outside friends that she afterwards learned of things she never dreamed of—strangest of all how constantly and proudly he had talked about her, while all the while she had supposed him so indifferent. They walked apart till God brought them together in the strange and awful moment of approaching death. Then the barrier between them fell away and they looked into each other's souls. They parted in the joy of a new understanding which eternity shall bring to perfection.

The longing for sympathetic companionship is one of the deepest hungers of the human heart. Life fulfills itself in relation to other lives. No one is quite so lonely that he does not some time open his heart to another. Happy are they whose closest friends are the members of their own family!

Is "Now I Lay Me" a Selfish Prayer

BY REV. OZORA S. DAVIS

During the past few months I have been gathering from nearly a hundred correspondents a collection of forms used in the religious training of children in our homes. A radical difference of opinion appears in the correspondence concerning the character of the form of prayer familiarly known as "Now I lay me." So sharp is the contention that I venture to propose the question raised in the correspondence. One mother writes:

"Now I lay me" seems to me very weak and foolish, ungrammatical to begin with, and harmful because so selfish, as though our own souls and the saving of them should be a matter of so much importance to us.

Another mother writes:

The children say the Lord's Prayer every night, not "Now I lay me." That always seemed cowardly to me.

A letter from the mother of two boys contains this sentence:

I consider "Now I lay me" a harmful prayer; it is selfish and morbid.

Here are three explicit and perfectly frank expressions of censure concerning the quality of the prayer which has been used in so many of our homes and is loved by so many adults and children alike.

In the same package of letters I find one from a mother who speaks thus concerning the prayer:

I never feel so much like a little child, or so close to the heart of the loving Father as when I say "Now I lay me," as I said it at my mother's knee. I love it, and many times when my heart is heavy and the way is very dark, it is all I can say.

Not long ago a man was speaking of his long service in the late Civil War, and finally remarked with deep feeling:

Wherever I was and however hard the place I never drew up my blanket at night and I never went into battle without saying all over to myself the prayer that mother taught me when I was a little boy, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

In that biography of singular beauty, *The Life Story of Henry Clay Trumbull*, is a paragraph, on page 498, which deserves consideration:

It was not unfitting then on the morning of the day of his funeral, before his great and good friends should assemble for the last rites, that two of his little grandchildren, their father and mother, just by themselves in his room, should kneel by his silent form and repeat together the prayer that he always prayed as long as he lived when he went to his night's rest:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Then as they stood silently looking into his dear face, his three-year-old namesake slipped his small hand into his father's and asked in solemn, wide-eyed wonder, "Father, is this heaven?"

A few days ago a mother said to me when I asked her if she considered the familiar prayer selfish, "It is the one that my boy always comes back to whatever other forms he may have learned or heard."

So here are two lines of evidence which seem to be in pretty definite conflict. Which is the true witness? I have been making a collection of forms for home use in the religious training of children. Shall "Now I lay me" go in? If it is so cowardly and selfish as these correspondents regard it, surely it does not deserve a place among the forms of evening prayer. If, on the other hand, it is the form that the children love and that Chaplain Trumbull could say each night, it ought to go at the head of the list.

The court is not clear as to its decision.

Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of *The Congregationalist*.]

65. DROPPED LETTERS

In the midst of a Panama forest,
Sturdy it grows, and tall,
Perhaps by a fern-brimmed river,
Or a murmuring waterfall;
The jacamar rests in its branches,
Jacanas around it soar,
And the poisonous jararaca
Hides in its roots, by the shore.

The catamaran floats on the river,
In the shade of its lofty boughs,
Bananas ripen around it,
And llamas beneath it browse.
If there but was a caravan coming
A camel or elephant back, a
Man would declare it Egyptian,
This home of the "A-A-A-A-A."

MYRTLE.

66. SHAKESPEAREAN MISMATCHING

I asked a number of Shakespearean couples to visit me, each bringing the play in which they were found, but owing to an accident on the road, they were all jumbled up, and arrived in the order given below. Join rightful couples and assign them to the correct volume:

1. Valentine, Elizabeth; Merry Wives of Windsor.
2. Benedict, Rosalind; Two Gentlemen of Verona.
3. Orsino, Silvia; Much Ado about Nothing.
4. Orlando, Titania; King Richard Third.
5. Oberon, Portia; Comedy of Errors.
6. Fenton, Beatrice; Taming of the Shrew.
7. Antonio, Katherine; Twelfth Night.
8. King Edward Fourth, Emilia; As You Like It.
9. Petruchio, Anne Page; Midsummer Night's Dream.
10. Aegeon, Viola; Merchant of Venice.

DOROTHEA.

67. CHARADE

Said Tom: "I always like green ONES,
Fresh from the garden row,
All sweet with Summer dews and suns;
I don't like canned ONES, though."

"I like brown TWO that patter down,
The russet leaves between;
When autumn skies begin to frown,
And autumn winds blow keen."

"But O, I think I like COMPLETE
The very best of all;
Five cents a paper, down the street,
At Marco Marti's stall."

"Not like the ONES or TWO they grow,
But underneath the ground;
I like them most, because, you know,
They last the whole year round."

M. C. S.

68. RIDDLES

1. When you wish to leave the house, you put me on your back; and when you wish to enter, you behead me and give me to the door.
2. I am much sought after, yet the more ardently you seek me the harder it is to find me; but if you give me to another, I will come to you.
3. My twin and I stand in your door, but only one of us ever enters your house because you consider us mere noughts.

E. P.

69. PALINDROME

Said Farmer Green to Farmer Wise,
"So, from that advertiser,
You got to win the big squash prize,
His costly fertilizer!"

Said Farmer Wise—mouth stretched with fun,
And he'd a mouth to grin with—
"Oh 'O, 'I'H 'U'N' 'N'U'H' 'I 'O',
For I had none to win with."

T. H.

ANSWERS

60. 1. Ann Arbor. 2. Georgetown. 3. Pekin. 4. Haverstraw. 5. Melrose. 6. Pittsfield. 7. Orange. 8. St. Paul. 9. Buffalo. 10. Little Rock. 11. Greenbush. 12. Wheeling. 13. Reading. 14. Coldwater. 15. Eau Claire. 16. Concord. 17. Frankfort. 18. Troy. 19. Peekskill. 20. Providence.

61. Rabbits, rabbit, rabbi, Rabb, rab, Ra, R.

62. A watch.

63. 1. Liar, rail. 2. Aril, lira. 3. Lair, rial.

64. 1. Improvement. 2. Government. 3. Contentment. 4. Entertainment. 5. Discernment. 6. Amendment. 7. Refinement. 8. Preferment. 9. Effacement. 10. Attainment. 11. Amusement. 12. Atonement. 13. Rudiment. 14. Lavishment. 15. Renouncement. 16. Engagement. 17. Employment. 18. Enrollment. 19. Merriment. 20. Retirement.

Excellent solutions are acknowledged from: M. B. H. H., Madison, Ct., to 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 59; A. F. R., Cambridge, Mass., 57; Elizabeth D. Frankenstein, Westerly, R. I., 57; Mrs. A. W., Windham, Ct., 57, 58.

Closet and Altar

THE PERFECT WORK OF PATIENCE

In your patience ye shall win your souls.

One has attained to an eminent degree of Christian grace who knows how to wait.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Let faith, not fear or fretfulness
Awake the cry, "How long?"
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
Damp thy aspiring song;
Right comes, truth dawns and night departs
Of error and of wrong

Let us wait the Lord's leisure. His justice is on the march, and in the long run he works his will.—H. Hensley Henson.

A man is not only unknown to others, but to himself, that hath never met with such difficulties as require faith and Christian fortitude and patience to surmount them. How shall a man know whether his meekness and calmness of spirit be real or not, while he meets with no provocation, nothing that contradicts or crosses him? But when somewhat sets upon him that is in itself very unpleasant and grievous to him; and yet if in that case he retains his moderation of spirit and flies not out into impatience, either against God or men, this gives proof of the truth and soundness of that grace within him; whereas standing water which is clear at top while it is untouched, yet if it have mud at the bottom, stir it a little and it rises presently.—Robert Leighton.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care. Dear Lord, today,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh, give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.
—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

Grant unto us, Almighty God, that when our vision fails, and our understanding is darkened; when the ways of life seem hard, and the brightness of life is gone—to us grant the wisdom that deepens faith when the sight is dim, and enlarges trust when the understanding is not clear. And whensoever Thy ways in nature or in the soul are hard to be understood, then may our quiet confidence, our patient trust, our loving faith in Thee be great, and as children knowing that they are loved, cared for, guarded, kept, may we with a quiet mind at all times put our trust in the unseen God. So may we face life without fear, and death without fainting; and whatsoever may be in the life to come, give us confident hope that whatsoever is best for us both here and hereafter is Thy good pleasure and will be Thy law. Amen.



Betty's Visit

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

Betty Lindsay and Nellie Barrett lived next door to one another and were great friends. At least, they had been great friends; but ever since Nellie's mother had told her that she was to go for a week's visit to her grandmother at Middle River a cloud had come over their friendship. Nellie put on such airs and talked so much about her visit and her grandmother that Betty felt a strange, left-out feeling in her six-year-old heart.

"You never went away for a visit, did you?" said Nellie, intending to be sympathetic. But Betty felt it as a taunt.

"I could go if I wanted to," retorted Betty.

"Where to?" asked Nellie skeptically. "Have you got a grandmother?"

No, Betty had no grandmother that she knew of. She had never thought about it before, but now she realized it was a shameful thing to be without a grandmother in the family. It was unbearable.

"I've got three aunts," she said faintly.

"Aunts are not grandmothers," said Nellie loftily. "Besides, your aunts all live far away. You can't go to visit them. What is the use of having relations if you can't go to visit them? My grandmother lives in a big white house with green shutters and a flower garden in front; and there are stone dogs on the gateposts and my uncle Jim says that they bark when they hear the clock strike twelve every night. It's just splendid to go visiting as if you were really grown-up, you know. I s'pect I shall be a very 'portant person when I come back. I'm so sorry for you, Betty, 'cause you can't go visiting."

It was really not to be endured. Of course, if Betty had been grown-up, if she had even been a big girl of ten or twelve, she wouldn't have minded being crowded over and pitied, O dear no, not at all! But, being only six, it cut deep, and Betty who had patiently put up with it for three whole days lost her patience on the fourth.

She made up her mind then and there that she would go visiting too.

"I am going visiting," she said.

Nellie stared. "Where to?" she demanded.

"Never mind where. That's a secret," said Betty mysteriously. "I won't tell you where I'm going. But it is to a big white house, too—bigger than your grandmother's, and it has green shutters—greener than your grandmother's and a flower garden with ever so many more flowers in it than your grandmother's, and stone dogs on the gateposts that are ever so much stonier than your grandmother's."

"I don't believe it," cried Nellie in amazement.

"Well, you needn't then, Nellie Barrett. But you needn't s'pose that you're

the only person in the world that can go visiting, because you're not."

"How long are you going to stay?" said Nellie, curiosity getting the better of incredulity.

"I s'pect I'll only stay for the afternoon. But if the lady I'm going to see is very pressing p'raps I'll stay longer. P'raps I'll stay a year. But it's a visit, even if I only stay a little while, just as much a visit as a whole week. So there, Nellie Barrett."

"When are you going?" persisted Nellie.

"I guess I'll go this afternoon," said Betty resolutely.

"I'm going to watch and see if you go 'cause I don't believe you're going anywhere, Betty Lindsay," declared Nellie.

Betty got up off the cellar hatch with very red cheeks.

"You're a mean, horrid girl, Nellie Barrett," she cried. "I am going visiting. I wouldn't say so if I wasn't. So there!"

Betty marched into the house indignantly while Nellie went home mystified. Where could Betty Lindsay be going? Nellie hadn't the least idea. Neither had Betty. But she was going to "visit" somewhere. She had quite made up her mind to that.

After lunch, when Papa had gone back to his office and Mamma was busy with the dishes, Betty put on her sunbonnet and took her blue parasol. Not that one really needed a parasol when one wore a sunbonnet. But it was so stylish, especially a pale blue one with a white silk ruffle all around it. Betty felt that the big world outside the front gate was not half so terrifying when one had a blue ruffled parasol. She slipped out of the front gate with the proud consciousness that she was vindicating herself in the eyes of Nellie Barrett who was watching her from the Barrett parlor window.

Betty walked down the street with her head held high. She was going visiting and she was not going to be frightened, no indeed! Nor was she frightened after a little, it was very nice and easy to go visiting after all; all you had to do was just to walk along a quiet shady street and keep a sharp lookout for a green-shuttered white house with a big garden in front and stone dogs on the gateposts. Nothing could be simpler.

Betty walked on and on. There were a great many houses along the street. Truly, she had never supposed there were so many houses in the world. There were all sorts, big and little, brown and gray, red and green, houses with flower gardens and houses with none, houses with gates and houses with no gates, but never a white, green-shuttered house with stone dogs. Yet Betty did not lose courage. There was a house somewhere like that, of course, and she would find it if she only kept on.

By and by the houses grew fewer and further between. The sidewalk narrowed down to three planks and then to two and

then stopped altogether. Betty was out in the country now. The wide green fields were lovely and so were the grass and flowers, but she thought it a little lonesome; besides, the road was dusty now and the day very hot. Betty felt tired and thirsty; O, where was the white house with the green shutters?

"I'm sure I must have walked a hundred miles," sighed Betty. "I never s'posed white houses with green shutters and stone dogs were so scarce. O dear, O-h, dear."

Two big tears rolled down the cheeks under the sunbonnet and two more were all ready to start but never did, for just at that moment weary little Betty rounded a curve in the road and there, right before her, was the very house she was looking for—big and white, with green shutters and the loveliest flower garden, and yes, stone dogs on the gateposts, looking fierce enough to frighten you if you didn't know they couldn't move until they heard the clock strike twelve at night.

"O!" said Betty joyfully. She forgot her tears and her weariness as she tripped up the walk with her blue parasol held jauntily over her sunbonnet. And there on the veranda sat the prettiest old lady Betty had ever seen—a tall old lady with snow-white hair, pink cheeks and bright black eyes, and beautifully dressed with a white lace cap and a fluffy silk shawl over her silk shoulders. The old lady looked at Betty with a smile, just as if she had been expecting her, and Betty said politely,

"Please, ma'am, are you a grandmother?"

The old lady looked startled and the smile faded out for a moment. She almost frowned.

"A grandmother? Humph! Well, yes, I suppose I am! Not that it matters much."

"O, I'm so glad," said Betty, "and it does matter a great deal. If you are a grandmother I have come to visit you. I've been looking for a grandmother who lived in a white house with green shutters and stone dogs, you know. Nellie Barrett has one and she is awfully proud of it, so I want one, too. I was just beginning to think I'd never find the right place and I'm so tired. But will you please tell me if your dogs really come down and bark when they hear the clock strike twelve?"

The old lady was smiling again. Truly, this was the quaintest, sweetest little maiden she had ever seen, and the old lady was fond of little girls.

"When they hear it they do," she said emphatically. "But if you have come to visit me you must come in out of the sun and take off your sunbonnet. I'm very glad this is the house you were looking for. Will you tell me your name and where you live?"

"My name is Betty and I live an awf'ly long piece from here—'way, 'way

back in Middleton. Will you be very careful of my parasol, please? It's not so much difference about my sun-bonnet 'cause my mamma made it herself and it didn't cost much. My mamma makes all my clothes and my papa says she is the cleverest woman that ever lived—so *ecomical*, you know, and just the wife for a poor man, Papa says. But parasols are very 'spensive."

"I'll be as careful as careful can be of it," said the old lady as she laid them away. "And now let's see how good a time we can have, Betty. You have the same name that I had when I was a little girl."

Then they proceeded to have a good time. It was the very best time Betty had ever had in her life. The old lady was splendid to play with; and she let Betty run all over the garden and pick just as many flowers as she pleased; and she took her out to the barn and showed the new Maltese kittens, and told her she might have one for her very own just as soon as they were a little older. "The next time you come to visit me," said the old lady, smiling.

Then they had tea and it was a perfectly elegant tea. Betty had preserves and fruit cake and pound cake and jumbles and tarts; and the old lady let her eat as much of them all as she wanted and never once said, "Now, Betty, you mustn't eat any more of that because you'll be sick," as Mamma would have done.

Soon after tea Betty said politely, "It's lovely to be visiting, but I 'spect it's time I went home."

"Well, I'll take you home in the pony carriage," said the old lady. "I'm glad you came to visit me and I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

"I have enjoyed myself 'normously," said Betty.

"You must come and visit me again then. And now we'll go home. What is your father's name?"

"My papa's name is John Lindsay and my mamma's name is Bertha Lindsay, and my real long name is Elizabeth Preston Lindsay. But Papa says I haven't grown to that yet; I've only grown as far as Betty. Papas are funny things, but they're nice to have round. So are grandmothers. But mammas are best of all. I've got the very loveliest mamma. Papa says I was a very sensible person to pick her out for my mamma. And now I've picked out such a nice grandmother, I 'spect he'll think I'm sensibler than ever."

The old lady looked very funny; the smile had gone again and her face looked pale and tired. But that was only for a few minutes. Then she said briskly, "Well, we'll go back to Papa and the loveliest mamma now."

When they reached home—Betty didn't happen to wonder how the old lady knew the very house to stop at—they met a distracted man rushing out of the gate.

"Betty!" he exclaimed fervently. "Where have you been, Baby? We thought you were lost and Mamma is nearly wild. Where—why, Mother!"

"Betty has been visiting me, John," said the old lady genially. "A grandmother fills a long-felt want in her life. She thinks I'm a very nice person, so don't let her know how really horrid I

am. Take me in and introduce me to my daughter."

Betty couldn't exactly understand what happened after that. It was very bewildering. Mamma cried and the old lady cried and—of all things in the world—Papa cried. Then they kissed each other all round and they all kissed Betty. The only thing Betty could clearly grasp was that the old lady was going to be really her grandmother for ever and ever, and that she was to go visiting at the white house with the stone dogs every time she wanted to and stay as long as she wanted to.

"It's splendid to have a grandmother," she told Nellie Barrett that evening, when they sat on the cellar hatch. "I'm so glad I went to visit mine."

"My mamma says you always had a grandmother, only you didn't know it," said Nellie. "She says your grandmother was so cross at your father for getting married to your mother that she wouldn't speak to him or come to see him ever since. And my mamma says it's a blessing she's forgiven him at last, for she's ever so rich and he's her only son. I think you might have told me it was your grandmother you were going to visit. I told you everything. I hate for people to be so mean and keep all their secrets to themselves."

"O, Nellie, truly I didn't know she was my grandmother till I got to her house. And I'm going to ask her to give you a Maltese kitten, too," said Betty eagerly. "So don't be cross, Nellie."

"O, I'm not cross," said Nellie amiably. "And if your grandmother gives me a kitten, I'm going to call it after you, 'cause you're my most p'ticular friend. What are you going to call yours?"

"Nellie, of course, 'cause you are my p'ticular friend," said Betty, kissing her.

Homely Toys for Babies

For the wee babies home invented toys are far better than the fragile ones offered in the shops, and the demands of such little people are so simple that an intelligent mother will find it no difficult matter to supply them with occupation. I have seen the nine-months-old baby of a friend play for hours with a strong glass bottle, tightly corked and about half-full of water. The little lady would shake the bottle and turn it from side to side, never wearying of the mystery of the motion within it. A marble or a stick in a bottle also makes a good toy, and a rubber band stretched across the top of a chair will give the children an hour with music.

The possibilities of clothespins as toys are inexhaustible. With them you can make rail fences, log houses, dollies riding on horseback, and if you will tie a long string to the neck of a clothespin by which to lead it the child will hail it as any kind of an animal you may suggest from a pet lamb to an elephant.

Old buttons can be sorted, strung in chains or sewed on bits of cloth, and if you will give the child a lot of old bottles or spools he will find them to be a delightful lot of dollies with which to form an army or keep a school.—*Caroline H. Paton.*

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

Aug. 26, Sunday. *Confidence in Trouble.*—Psalm 31.

Travelers in Italy will remember how, though the railroad follows the valleys, the cities are mostly built on the hills. It is hard for us to imagine an age where every village was a fortress, and yet that is the history of most of the ages of the earth. In such a dangerous time God was this singer's "house of fortresses." Out of our own history we may draw a like picture of the colonists working in their fields, with a blockhouse within reach if the Indians came. Faith finds its best opportunity because our refuge is unseen. If God were a visible sentinel, like the pillar of cloud and fire, faith would be a less powerful and, if we may judge by that experience, a less common thing than it is today.

Our times are in *Thy* hand, O Thou who hast led our fathers and called the children to walk in *Thy* ways. Help us to be confident and fear not, and let *Thy* blessing be upon all work we undertake for Thee.

Aug. 27. *Salutations.*—Rom. 16: 1-27.

It is interesting to find a kinsman of Paul among these Roman Christians, as well as some whom he had known in Asia. Narcissus was the powerful freedman of Nero, the Christians of his household were probably slaves. Note the names of women "who labor in the Lord," among them Persis, "the beloved." Among those who send messages are also kinsmen of Paul and "Tertius who wrote the letter."

Aug. 28. *Micah.*—Micah 1: 1-9.

It was in the reign of Ahaz in Judah that Samaria was destroyed. On account of the same sins of the leaders the prophet denounces a like fate upon Jerusalem and we find his words still in the remembrance of the people a hundred years later, in Jeremiah's time when all was ripe for the fulfillment of the prophecy. Samaria today might be described in these very words—A heap of the field and places for planting vineyards. Jehovah is to come forth from the temple, implying that he is still among them, a witness of their sin.

Aug. 29. *Woes of the Covetous.*—Micah 2: 1-13.

The good man remembers God in the waking hours, the covetous man devises evil. We cannot blink the witness of God's word against this eager coveting, this following gain at any cost of neglect or cruelty, especially because it is one of the themes upon which Christ speaks with reiterated solemnity.

Aug. 30. *False Prophets.*—Micah 3: 1-12.

All the appointed channels of good—priests, rulers, prophets, were pouring evil into the life of the people. In every such period of moral decline beside the true prophets, who were few, these evil prophets seem to have sprung up, reflecting the wishes of the people.

Aug. 31. *The Coming Peace.*—Micah 4: 1-13; 5: 1.

Whether Micah's or another's, we come out here into a different air, breathing hope and joy in place of threatening. God at last will vindicate himself. Israel is to be a teaching people, the center of the knowledge of Jehovah. Such hopes inevitably tend to embody themselves in a person, we are here in the atmosphere of the Messianic hope. This picture of peace, every man sitting under his own vine and fig tree, has become proverbial.

Sept. 1. *The King from Bethlehem.*—Micah 5: 2-15.

Little Bethlehem had once given Israel a king and to it the prophet looked for the appointed ruler who should be the true shepherd of Jehovah, great unto the ends of the earth. When the Magi came seeking the King of Israel this prophecy was the immediate answer to Herod's question. "This man shall be our peace"—that fits the whole wide Christian world of present experience.

The Restored Spirit*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's.
—Browning.

Who are fit candidates for the kingdom of heaven? The Gospels answer in this lesson; helpless and hopeless ones like the blind beggar by the wayside; rich men who are piling up for themselves dishonest gains, like the tax collector of Jericho. Bartimeus stands for the physical derelict, the man who has lost both capacity and courage to take care of himself. He belongs to the ranks of the unemployed and the unemployable. Nothing remains for him in the judgment of the multitude but to crowd into the towns and cities and sit on the sidewalk and beg, a burden to society. Zacchaeus stands for the man who has become rich by the sacrifice of his conscience and by preying on his fellowmen. Nothing remains for him in the judgment of those in good standing in the church and in society but to hug his wealth and live in the consciousness that he is hated and despised.

We may turn aside from the purpose of the lesson for a moment to notice the variations in the different accounts of the story of Bartimeus. Matthew mentions two blind men whom Jesus met as he was going out from Jericho. Luke mentions only one and says Jesus met him as he was approaching Jericho. Mark mentions one and gives his name, but agrees with Matthew as to the place of meeting. Those who hold it necessary to establish the accuracy of the Bible as to time and place and statements of fact have offered ingenious explanations of these differences. It is said that there were two Jerichos, the old one and the one that Herod built, that Jesus healed the blind man as he was leaving the town on the old site and when he was approaching the new town. Another explanation is that there were two men, but that Bartimeus was more prominent and the other escaped the attention of some of the disciples; also that they applied for help when Jesus was approaching the city but were not healed till he was leaving it. These efforts to reconcile differences seem trivial and useless to those who hold that the object of the Gospel records is not historic accuracy but to show the disposition of Jesus who was revealing the character of the Father. In this view both these cases were illustrations to the disciples of the work to which he had called them, the persons they were to seek, and the ways by which they were to win them into membership in his new social order. In this view it is of no consequence at what particular spot in Jericho the blind man sat when he called to Jesus nor whether one or two were calling. The thing of interest to us is that this man's sight was restored to him and that he entered into the kingdom of heaven. Jesus calls his disciples now to hear the cry of such men and to save them. We have here:

1. *A case of physical restoration.* Bartimeus was without ambition or expectation further than to receive dole from passers-by enough to provide for his daily necessities. He was a recognized object of charity, a member of a class who are a burden to society. He had heard of Jesus of Nazareth as one who could restore lost health, lost eyesight and hearing, lost physical power. When he was told that this man was passing by, ambition in him stirred into life. He knew how to beg, and he began to beg earnestly for what he believed this man could give. He got it because he believed and begged, and at once he became a new man [v. 42]. Instead of crying for alms he shouted praises to God. Instead of drifting purposelessly on through life the purposes of the Son of Man became his. He sought to accomplish the great aims of Jesus Christ and entered into his kingdom [v. 43].

The multitude did not think Jesus would spend his time on a blind beggar, did not think he wanted such persons in his company [v. 39]. Thus they failed to understand him and the spirit of his Father. He had taught them better had not their ears been dull of hearing. He had told them that "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." The Father wants the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind, the prodigals, the outcasts in the highways and hedges, to be guests in his house. The gospel of Christ proclaims that such as these have eternal values, that they can be restored to manhood and womanhood, made members of the kingdom of God, kings and priests unto him. Rescue missions and social settlements, the Sal-

vation Army and Dr. Barnardo's Homes and many similar institutions are teaching and illustrating this gospel, and many who have sat helpless by the wayside like blind Bartimeus have become restored spirits, following Jesus, ministering to others, members of his kingdom.

2. *A case of moral restoration.* Zacchaeus was a rich but renegade Jew, out of sympathy with his fellows, an outcast from their society. He did not seek the society of Jesus, only to see who he was. When Jesus asked to be his guest, he joyfully assented. But no sooner did he find himself in the company of Jesus, entertaining him in his own home, than he began to feel his unfitness for it, yet an overmastering desire to keep it. Elements of manhood which had long ago died within him stirred into life. After Jesus had crossed his threshold it became impossible for him to go on amassing money, indifferent to the poor and wronging his fellowmen. Promptly he adopted as governing principles of his life the aims of Jesus, and as promptly he declared them to his family and friends. He would give one-half of his wealth to the poor, and he would restore fourfold what he had exacted wrongfully from others. Already he felt at home with his guest. He had entered into the kingdom and Jesus promptly announced the fact. Jesus the Son of David, the Son of Abraham, declared that "this man also is a son of Abraham," and that salvation had that day come to that household [v. 9]. The rich publican became a restored spirit. From selfish pleasures, sordid aims and hidden disappointments he had risen to share the aims and sacrifices and joys of the Saviour of mankind.

The Pharisees thought their mission was to witness to righteousness. They had no hope for the rich unrighteous pub-

lican, saw no way of winning him to their views though they were very diligent missionaries [Matt. 23: 15]. When they saw Jesus going to the home of Zacchaeus they thought of no other explanation of his act than that he had sunk to the moral level of the publican [v. 6]. It did not occur to them that he could restore the fallen rich man to the honor which belongs with a worthy life. Yet in the house of Zacchaeus, as on the highway with Bartimeus, it was the mission of Jesus "to seek and to save that which was lost." Both these instances are windows opening on a vision of fields white to the harvest for those who would gather souls into the kingdom of God.

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom

After an interruption of two years the Brotherhood of the Kingdom held its Twelfth Annual Conference at Marlboro-on-Hudson, N. Y., Aug. 6-10, in the old Amity Baptist Church of New York, moved and set up at Marlboro by Rev. Leighton Williams as a memorial to his father.

Through the morning and afternoon sessions were carried three series of addresses, on Scripture Apocalypses and Modern Utopias; The Kingdom Doctrine in Relation to Christian Thought and Life—Ritual, Doctrine, Evangelism; and Sociological Views of the Great Reformers. These topics indicate the spirit and aims of the brotherhood. While believing in radical social changes through the application of the teachings of Christ, it emphasizes the study of Scripture and history as a guide and corrective. Prof. Frank C. Porter, D. D., of Yale Divinity School interpreted the Book of Daniel as a "Tract for the Times," written in the Maccabean period.

Perhaps the most stirring address was that given by Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, D. D., of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, on The Truth about the Congo Free State.

The paper which most clearly outlined the principles of the brotherhood was on the question, Why Has Christianity Never Undertaken the Task of Social Reconstruction? by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, D. D., of Rochester Baptist Seminary. He showed by an analysis of conditions in each epoch that secondary considerations had kept the church hitherto from applying Christianity to the life of society as a whole, but that these conditions have now been outgrown, and that the time has at last come for the church resolutely to set herself to this task.

E. T. R.

Miss Rebecca S. Clarke, better known as "Sophie May," will always be enshrined in children's hearts as the author of the Prudy and Dotty Dimple stories. She died Aug. 16 at her home in Norridgewock, Me., in the house where she was born seventy-three years ago. Miss Clarke was a frequent contributor to our columns. Other popular books from her pen are The Asbury Twins, The Doctor's Daughter and Quinnebasset Girls.

To Writers for Juveniles

We will give FIFTY DOLLARS for the best story for boys and the same for the best story for girls. Each story should consist of three chapters, or parts, of 1,200 to 1,600 words each, and should reach us on or before Oct. 20. Unsuccessful manuscripts, which are found available, will be retained at our regular rates.

Address

The Pilgrim Press,
Editorial Department, Room 803.

* International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 2. Bartimeus and Zacchaeus. Text, Luke 18: 35-19: 10.

The Children's Corner

"DOES anybody still live in the Corner?" That is the first question from outside which has broken the stillness since our dear Mr. Martin went away. To be sure! Any one can go away, but nobody, not even Mr. Martin, can take the Corner away with him. Somebody does still live here, and it has been very still living thus far, but we hope to make it livelier by the help of the boys and girls of the big *Congregationalist* family, boys and girls from one to one hundred. So don't be afraid to come because you are too young or too old, if only you have the childlike heart. One of the morning papers has a picture of a youthful looking lady in eastern Massachusetts, with an honored name, who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. She sits in an easy-chair in front of a tall old grandfather's clock with her knitting in her hands, and I am sure that the eyes behind the spectacles are kind and that, for all she is so old, she would feel at home among the boys and girls of the Corner.

MAKING HIS BOW

But let me introduce myself, in the good German fashion—Mr. Peter Page, at your service, the man who lives in the Corner to welcome you all and to get to know a good many of you, I hope.

First of all let me answer another question of the man who wants to know whether anybody still lives in the Corner. He writes from the beautiful old Massachusetts hill town of Rowley, where I suspect he is spending his vacation, to ask about the hymn which begins:

Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door.

It was written by Christopher Christian Cox, who was a doctor, not of divinity, nor even of hymnology, but of medicine, and who died in 1882. It must have been finished before 1855 when it appeared, though without the author's name, in the Plymouth Collection. J. L. E. will find it on page 36 of the new Methodist Hymnal, set to the tune of Stockwell, to which I well remember hearing it sung long ago when we children used to gather around the piano on Sunday evenings. I wish I could answer all questions as easily as this; for I foresee that I shall not be able to hunt the libraries as Mr. Martin, in the kindness of his heart, used to do looking for lost and strayed literary hymns and hers.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

I did not mean to have my first word in the Corner spoken to the grown-ups, for it is the girls and boys whom I specially wish to see, and my thought of the Corner is of a cozy and hospitable place where the host can sometimes sit silent by the fire and let the other children talk and laugh while he listens. I want to have fun, as well as serious talks. When my friends see or hear anything worth while in their walks or their work, I want them to report it for the pleasure of us

all. This world is "so full of a number of things," as Mr. Stevenson's child remarks, delightful and amusing as well as curious things and the rule is that they grow pleasanter by sharing. If you find even a white stone on the shore, it seems whiter by showing it to some one else. And to laugh all alone at a joke is something that no good fellow can endure.

A PICTURE PRIZE

For one thing, I think we must share our pictures. A great many of us are off on a vacation and most of the boys and girls are out of school. Some are mermen and mermaids by the shore, some are wood fairies on the mountains. And many of us carry cameras. Now if any boy or girl gets a good picture of the sea serpent this summer, all the rest of us would like to see it. Or if any one points a camera at a bear or a deer, or a woodchuck, when the picture is finished the rest of us would like a glimpse. And to encourage thoughtful and careful work the editor has allowed me to promise a prize of two dollars for the best and one dollar for the next best picture by a boy or girl reader of the Corner showing something in city or country which would be of interest to us all. These pictures should reach us not later than Sept. 20. And he says that he will pay for such other pictures as come up to his ideas of what a picture should be to be worth showing in the Corner.

THE KIND OF PICTURES

Of course you will not offer us portraits of yourselves. It is a curious fact that nobody cares quite as much for Tom's picture as Tom himself, or Tom's mother. We are all interested in Tom, but not exactly in that way. But what Tom has seen and wondered at when he was not thinking of himself at all, and can make the rest of us see by photograph or by words, we shall care a great deal about. And don't send blue prints. The man who makes the cuts from which we print the pictures shakes his head when we take them to him and that makes us feel blue.

Send along the pictures and descriptions and tell us what you have been doing in your summer holiday. Address the Children's Corner, or Mr. Peter Page, if you prefer. But remember that we have D. F. to think of and be short, for he, poor fellow, has to crowd what we give him into just so much space because the editor will not allow him a single inch of overflow. Be sure to write your own name and address plainly and your age; and if for any reason you want a personal reply, inclose a stamp.

THE BOYS IN THE NEWSPAPERS

I have been studying the newspapers of late with a view to seeing what the girls and boys of America are doing, but I am afraid the editors are not as much interested in good boys as I am, or perhaps the good boys are all away at the seashore, for I seem to find nothing but foolish or stupid pranks.

There are the boys who poured some sticky stuff into a letter box in a New England city and spoiled all the letters

that the mothers had written to their children and the children to their mothers. I am sure that none of the Cornerers would think that was good fun. Then there was the boy down on the coast who wanted to be a lion-tamer and stole two baby lions from a park. Of course none of the Cornerers would steal, though I hope a good many of them have as much ambition as this foolish boy. He kept the lions in the woodshed—I can't think how he managed it, can you? and fed them on meat when they ought to have had milk and one of them promptly "up and died." Then he was frightened and told his father, who had to go and confess for him, return the living lion and pay a big price for the dead one. I think that was rather hard on his father, don't you? But suppose he had succeeded and the lions had lived. Don't you see that his work would have grown harder and more dangerous every day? A baby lion is like a baby bad habit, it grows savage and masterful as it gets its strength and when it has once tasted blood, there is no controlling it.

INTRODUCING AMELIA MATILDA

Just as I was writing this and thinking of grown-up lions and bad habits behind the bars, who should come in but Amelia Matilda, who has a way of looking in to see that everything is just as it should be and, looking over my shoulder, she remarks, "So you are preaching already!" Amelia Matilda never preaches, she does a harder thing, she speaks right out in meeting. Like the college song I used to hear, she "tells you all she knows." I wonder how many boys will associate that line with the lion's mouth—we were talking of lions just now.

ABOUT BLUE PRINTS

Amelia Matilda wants to know why the reproducer of pictures cannot do anything with blue prints, which she thinks, and I think too, are sometimes the prettiest as well as the most easily made of all. It is a fair question and I am going to ask it of the Corner. Some of you little folks may want a hint, as the old folks used sometimes to make a game just a little easier for the younger children. So remember that the man who makes the plate for the printer from the photograph, makes it by photography. Did you ever put on a blue dress when you went to have your picture taken? If you did, what color was the dress in the picture? The camera has an eye (the lens) but does it see colors just as the human eye sees them. Did you ever try to take a photograph of yellow flowers, like marsh marigolds, which some of the country people call cowslips or golden sunflowers? If you did, what color were they in the picture?

Next week I shall have something to say about other letters and questions. But before I go to talk to the editor about getting all this in, let me ask a question of the boys. What sort of good fun have you been having of late? Put on your thinking caps, you boys who wouldn't spoil people's letters or steal baby lions, and tell us about some of your good times.

PETER PAGE.

The Literature of the Day

The Social Unrest

Two remarkable books recently published may well be considered "signs of the times." Both are written from the standpoint of present labor problems. One is addressed directly to working men, the other to a larger audience, but both are symptomatic of the existing social unrest.

When the Presbyterian churches appointed Mr. Stelzle a secretary for work among working men they recognized a special need and made a wise effort to meet it. Trained in the ranks of labor and warmly sympathetic with both the Church and working men, Mr. Stelzle is fitted for the task of interpreting each to the other—an important task, for there is misunderstanding on both sides. These *Messages to Workingmen* were originally published in the labor press of Canada and the United States. The larger company of readers to whom they now come may find encouragement in the outspoken, but tactful utterances, sometimes of approval and sometimes of friendly rebuke; they will also find abundant reason for serious reflection. The wrong is not all on the side of the suspicious and fault-finding workman, the churches must also bear their share of the blame and must understand their errors. This little book is full of good sense, correcting misstatements and false impressions concerning the Church, and, incidentally, it should rectify some false conceptions held by the rest of us, concerning the desires and ideals of the working men, even of the labor unions.

Socialism, by John Spargo, is a different, but not less significant undertaking. It also deals with the working man's problems and proposes a remedy. In a recent issue of *The Congregationalist*, Hamilton Holt wrote concerning *A New Type of Socialist*. Mr. Spargo is one of the group described and this volume on Socialism sets forth the ideals which are attracting so many earnest and able advocates. "The Socialist ideal may be said to be a form of social organization in which every individual will enjoy the greatest possible amount of freedom for self-development and expression; and in which social authority will be reduced to the minimum necessary for the preservation and insurance of that right to all individuals." Most men would accept this as describing a desirable social condition. But how is it to be attained and perpetuated, by what process of change in economic and social relations? Socialism is an answer to these questions.

Much of the book is devoted to preliminary history and explanation, but the final third outlines the Socialist plan as it is understood by the typical group to which Mr. Spargo belongs. Probably most thoughtful readers will feel that the plan is interesting, even alluring, but somewhat too vague in certain important places. Too many difficulties are banished with a metaphorical wave of the hand. And yet this statement of the economic faith of an increasing number of devoted men and women of experience and trained mind is not to be ignored. It

certainly marks the trend of present movement. There is to be some remedy for existing unendurable conditions. If Mr. Spargo and his friends are wrong it is the part of wisdom to listen to their speech and then show wherein they err. Perchance the listener may learn as much as he can impart.

[*Messages to Workingmen*, by Charles Stelzle. pp. 120. F. H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.
Socialism, by John Spargo. pp. 257. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.]

Science and the Nature of God

Can a man by searching find out God? The founder of the Gifford Lectures believed that men may find much, of great importance; that science, indeed, is but a reading of what God has revealed of himself in his works. Therefore he established the lectureship and four volumes have recently been published which go far to justify the undertaking.

The two volumes entitled *The Pathway to Reality* contain the lectures for 1902-03. Mr. Haldane, the author, is just now much in the public eye as the British Secretary of State for War, but he is also the leading English expounder of the idealist philosophy. He believes that "unhappy consequences have followed the neglect of faith to seek support in reason." That neglect he endeavors to remedy. There are four groups of six lectures each, on *The Meaning of Reality*, *The Criticism of Categories*, *Absolute Mind and Finite Mind*. The line of reasoning is to show that the ultimate reality is mind and that within mind the whole of experience must fall. God is the mind of which man is a manifestation in a lower form. The whole nature of reality depends upon and falls within self-consciousness. The last lectures discuss the problem of immortality. Mr. Haldane is a thoroughgoing Hegelian and readers philosophically inclined will enjoy following his argument.

The two volumes on *The Knowledge of God*, by Professor Gwatkin of Cambridge contain the lectures for 1904-05. They deal with history. In style they are much more vivacious and popular than the lectures by Mr. Haldane. A delicious seasoning of humor pervades the work. At the same time it is reverent, scholarly and trustworthy. The first volume is devoted to *General Considerations*, a discussion of *Inspiration*, *Prophecy* and *Miracles*, the possible *Methods of Revelation* and a study of *Primitive Religions*. The second volume will probably attract more attention, discussing the *Revelation of God through the Scripture*, in the early Church, *Rome Pagan and Rome Christian*, and *Modern Thought*. The attitude of Professor Gwatkin toward Biblical Criticism is delightful. He treats the extreme positions with genial humor but accepts the well-assured positions, and guides his historical studies accordingly. It is a delicate task, admirably executed and will win the confidence of his readers. Especially satisfactory are the pages devoted to Augustine, Luther, The Reformation and its modern defamers. The author is justly severe on the intellectual influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

He handles well the contribution of modern science to our understanding of God and concludes with a suggestion that the great nations of the East may be expected to influence, in important manner, widening and enriching, our knowledge of God.

[*The Pathway to Reality*, by Richard B. Haldane. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
The Knowledge of God, by Henry Melvill Gwatkin. 2 vols. pp. 308, 334. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 net.]

BIOGRAPHY

The Autobiography of the Rev. Lewis Grout, with an introduction by Rev. Luther M. Keneston. pp. 74. Clapp & Jones, Brattleboro, Vt. The story of a pioneer missionary whose work in the Zulu mission of the American Board and in reducing the language to written form are large claims upon remembrance. The nucleus of the book is an autobiography, written, unfortunately, in the third person and not as easy in manner, or as self-revealing as the reader could wish, but full of interesting matter. Much commemorative material has been added about Mr. Grout and his family and there is a good portrait.

Herbert Spencer, by J. Arthur Thompson. pp. 284. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net. The author is an admirer, but by no means an indiscriminating admirer of Spencer and his work. After the *Autobiography*, in which Spencer handled his own life experience in the spirit of a purely scientific observer, this more compendious and judicial work is welcome. As befits a number of the English Men of Science Library it enters into much detail about the theories of its hero and seeks to estimate both the man and his work in the light of the criticism which has since been passed upon them.

The Life of John William Walshe, F. S. A., edited by Montgomery Carmichael. pp. 286. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

The biography of "a Nineteenth Century Saint" written by his son, John Walshe was an Englishman of profound religious temperament. As a boy he was given to secret devotion, which under harsh experience developed a manhood of a medieval type of piety. He became one of the followers of St. Francis and spent his last years in Assisi. This story of one who in our day practiced the penances, asceticisms and manner of worship of a monk of the twelfth century, will have at least the charm of novelty for Protestant readers, who will find much to admire, however much they may condemn.

LITERARY STUDIES

The Reading of Shakespeare, by Prof. James Mason Hoppin. pp. 210. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.

This is genial criticism and appreciation and makes pleasant reading. Professor Hoppin, his affection rekindled by a careful re-perusal of the plays, gives us first his admiration and then a brief running comment on the plays, in their categories of subject and origin. The whole is addressed to readers rather than students and enriched by a lifetime's study of the arts.

Balzac, by Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, translated, with an appreciation of Taine, by Lorenzo O'Rourke. pp. 240. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.00.

Taine's critical study of Balzac is one of his most vigorous works and Mr. O'Rourke has given us a strong translation. He has prefixed a brief biography and critical study of the author. Readers of Taine's *History of English Literature* will recognize here the same brilliant analysis, power of historical grouping and vivid, but hard and cold characterization.

A Short History of England's and America's Literature, by Eva March Tappan, Ph. D. pp. 420. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.20 net. The novelty in this edition is the supplement of 130 pages devoted to American literature. This part of the work is conspicuously well done and adds much to the value of a useful text and reference-book.

Endeavorers from all the World at Geneva

By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.

It was a courageous thing for the fifteen small Christian Endeavor societies of Geneva to invite the European Christian Endeavor Union and the World's Christian Endeavor Union, to hold their convention at the same time in their city; but the results justified their faith and courage, for there has probably never been a more influential Christian Endeavor gathering held in the twenty-five years of the history of the movement, or one whose consequences will be more far reaching.

The peculiar charm of Geneva, in my estimation one of the three most beautiful cities in the world, its unique situation at the foot of the Alps with blue Lake Lemman washing its foundation stones and the unusual historic interest of the city, all combined to make it an ideal spot for such a gathering. The atmosphere was electric with memories of the Reformation and the great men who have dominated the religious thought of centuries.

On Sunday the great Cathedral of St. Pierre (Calvin's church) was thronged with worshippers at several services. The French service at ten o'clock when the eloquent Frank Thomas, "the Moody of Switzerland," preached, was followed at 11.15 by an English service, attended by fully a thousand people. As the French delegates streamed out of the venerable building, they were met by an almost equal number of English-speaking worshippers pouring in to take their places.

The singing at both services was inspiring, and the English preacher—or, rather, the American, preaching in English—took for his theme the life and character of the great reformer who had so often preached from that same high pulpit and who, according to John Knox, made Geneva more like the New Jerusalem than any city the world had known.

But St. Pierre was not the only convention meeting place of supreme historic interest. The Auditoire, where many of the smaller meetings were held, was the venerable church where John Knox himself had preached. The Oratoire, used for the School of Methods, conducted by Prof. Amos R. Wells, and also for other gatherings, was built by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, the great church historian, whose son and daughter were both prominent participants in this convention. This church is the most influential free church in Geneva today. The Hall of the Reformation, a great audience room, was used for the large union gatherings of the different nationalities, while Victoria Hall, which is perhaps the most beautiful audience room on the continent of Europe, and about the size of our own Tremont Temple, was set apart for the special use of the English-speaking peoples.

The Germans had also a church of peculiar interest to their race for meetings in their tongue, and other nationalities were provided for in smaller halls.

The cosmopolitan and representative character of the convention was one of its most interesting features. French-speaking delegates from Switzerland and France naturally predominated, but 300 came from America, (not all, however, active Endeavorers), 300 more from Great Britain, while thirty other countries were represented.

The diversities of tongues was most interestingly brought out at the World's Union demonstration, which was held in the Reformation Hall. The program for this session was printed in twelve different languages and was meant to be a demonstration of Christian unity, such as the world has seldom seen. On this unique program the first clause of the Lord's Prayer and of the Twenty-third Psalm, a Bible invocation and benediction, and a verse of "Blest be the tie" and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," were printed in French, German, English, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Hungarian, Spanish, Finnish, Lettish, Marathi and Esperanto.

These were all the languages which the printers of Geneva could cope with, though twenty other languages were represented in the audience. Every one was requested to take part in prayer and song and Bible passage in his own tongue. It was Babel harmonized. Rather, perhaps, it was an echo of the day of Pentecost, when every one heard the language spoken in which he was born and every one understood the theme of every strange tongue and the spirit in which it was spoken. Never before, probably, did Dennis and Old Hundred do duty at the same time for so many strange combinations of vowels and consonants.

All this diversity of tongues, however, as can easily be imagined, made every one inquire, "Is not a common language needed?" "Does not the growing unity of the nations and of Christian sects demand one speech that all may know?" The answer to those questions at Geneva, was found in the word of hope—Esperanto. Two meetings were held in this language, in one of which nothing else was spoken. Many experts were present and the delegates talked in Esperanto and sung in Esperanto and prayed in Esperanto, and laughed and cheered in Esperanto.

The new language seems to have the faculty of inspiring its devotees with a wonderful enthusiasm and an almost hilarious joy, for it is to them the language of hope indeed, the hope of breaking down the old barriers which have so long kept brethren apart, and of ushering in the new day of universal brotherhood. Rev. Horace Dutton is one of many who have renewed their youth in the advocacy of Esperanto and Christian Endeavor, as two of the agencies in fulfilling our Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one."

The personality of many of the delegates was striking. Two of the most eminent ministers of the State Church of Norway, came from Christiania, for a great revival in Norway during the last year has been followed by a large crop of Endeavor Societies. Finland sent a bright and attractive college girl from Helsingfors to represent her, among other delegates. Sympathy for Russia in her afflictions, was shown by the greeting given to Rev. Mr. Bahtz, who has formed sixty Endeavor Societies in the Baltic States recently.

The mission field was well represented and missionary topics had a large place on the program. Eight came from Egypt alone, while the American Board had representatives from Spain, Japan, Bulgaria, Bohemia, Macedonia and Turkey in Asia and one German Endeavorer, who was on his way to the Marshall Islands to work under the auspices of the Board. The Australians with a message from the natives of Australia, written on a boomerang, were the centers of much interest, as were also the delegates from South Africa and Samoa. When at one of the meetings the representatives from thirty nations had spoken in twenty-five different languages, and the flags of thirty nations were stacked together on the platform, we felt that the millennium was not so far off after all.

A permanent European Christian Endeavor Union was organized with Rev. John Pollock of Belfast, the pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world, for president, and Mr. Charles Briquet, an enterprising young Swiss merchant, the efficient organizer of this convention, for secretary.

Everything was done by the committee of arrangements and the citizens of Geneva to make the convention a success, and with a grand illumination of the lake and of the quays and avenues, provided by the city government, the convention came to an end, and the delegates were lighted on their way to their homes in every part of the civilized and uncivilized world.

Misfit Texts

BY REV. GEORGE W. JUDSON

It began with my first sermon. My chum in the Connecticut seminary had invited me to go out alone and preach in his pulpit my first sermon. I accepted the invitation, though with fear and trembling. But what was the text employed in all innocence for this first trembling pulpit appearance? "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

At the close of my middle year I appeared in a pastorless Massachusetts church hoping I might supply its pulpit for the summer, and this was my laconic text, "One thing thou lackest."

"To be sure," said a listener as I came down from the pulpit after the service, "and possibly you can supply that lack for us this summer." I did. And when August came I was given a two weeks' vacation, during which the church was to decide whether or not to extend me a call. "He that is not for me is against me," was my parting text. "How can we vote against you after that text?" said a friend to me after service. And fortunately for me, only one or two dared to run athwart the text's implied appeal.

A few years ago I was invited to preach in a pastorless church not far from Boston, and unthinkingly chose a text for my evening sermon which occasioned the following conversation:

"How did you like the sermon tonight?" said one deacon to another as they walked down the aisle after service.

"O, very well, the sermon was good enough, but wasn't its text a little too previous? 'Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you.'"

Two years later I preached in a church still nearer Boston which had already unsuccessfully extended a number of calls, and this was the text used harmlessly in my own pulpit the previous Sunday, from which I intended to preach: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Fortunately I saw the point in time for a substitution.

Once more, and my experiences in this line are brought down to date. I came within an—let me not use such an unministerial expression—I very nearly used this text as my first candidating sermon in the pulpit which I now occupy. It was the text of one of the two sermons which I brought with me for Sunday morning use:

"I am sure that when I come to you I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." A very good text, but I was by no means sure that they would want me to come to them at all, and it would be just as well not to try to hasten matters in following apostolic precedent.

If any of my brethren have had similar undesigned misincidences—if I may coin a word—in the use of texts, I should like for one to hear of them and enjoy their confusion as several congregations have no doubt enjoyed mine.

A Church's "Summer Book"

For the second year, in connection with a special midsummer service, the church in Hayward, Wis., has issued a tasteful little pamphlet called *The Summer Book*. Besides the order of service and hymns for the day of issue, July 22, the book contains extracts from the Midsummer Prayer on the cover of a recent *Congregationalist*, the substance of Rev. I. B. Tracy's midsummer Sunday sermon and a variety of announcements and appointments for the summer and early autumn. The auditorium on this occasion was decorated with water lilies, and music, Scripture and sermon all recognized the high tide of the year.

The Salvation Army in England is arranging to send 20,000 emigrants to Canada within a year.

In and Around Chicago

(The Congregationalist may be found in Chicago at the Congregational bookstore, 175 Wabash Avenue.)

The Bank Failure

The failure of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank has been the chief subject of conversation in the city for more than a week. This bank, patronized to a large extent by foreigners and the poorer classes of citizens, was supposed to be among the strongest banks in the West. Its president, Paul S. Stensland, enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. He was regarded as independently rich. The state examiner not long ago pronounced everything all right. It now appears that there has been dishonesty for more than five years, and that if the examinations had been thorough this could easily have been discovered. There have been forgeries, dealings in lands, stores and speculations of various sorts, which have eaten up a least one million dollars' worth of the bank's resources. There is a good deal of property which if wisely managed might pay the depositors in part. But the courts are seemingly complicating matters and laying foundations for endless litigation by appointing different men as receivers. Mr. Fetzer, the receiver first named, and one eminently fitted for the position, had made arrangements to pay at least twenty per cent. of the deposits. This would be a boon to many depositors and would save not a few of them from bankruptcy. But Judge Gibbons has seen fit to disregard the action of Judge Brentano and with one receiver in actual possession of the property, and another demanding it, it is easy to see that the law or its representatives may cause long delay.

President Stensland has either left the city or is in hiding. The Clearing House, though in no way responsible for the bank, or its president, has offered \$5,000 for his arrest. He and his cashier seem to be the only persons responsible for the wreck, and to what extent the cashier is guilty has not yet been made clear. Examiner Jones is reported as saying that the wreck is the worst he has ever known.

The Text-Book Fight

Another element has now made its appearance in this contest. Union labor has shown its hand and instead of insisting, as has been claimed for it, that it only desired the introduction of the best books, openly arrays itself against any books made with the aid of non-union labor. Unless a decision is speedily reached the schools will be compelled to continue the use of Rand & McNally's books, which the unions declare have been made by non-union labor and therefore may not be used. The new board of education is having its hands full. Many of its members are out of the city and as nothing has been absolutely settled as to the book question, it looks as if the schools might be seriously crippled at the opening of the year.

Impure Food

Inspector Murray, "Fish Murray," he is called, has of late been magnifying his office. He is one of the men for whom the mayor was bound to find a place. Evidently he is a man of capacity and not afraid to exercise the authority of his office. He has destroyed large quantities of fish which, in spite of the denials of the owners, he declared unhealthful, and is now giving attention to canned goods. In a single store he has found thousands of cans to condemn and has ordered them removed from the stock. It is fair to add that in the store where the largest quantity of unhealthful food was discovered the manager affirms that the cans had already been condemned and withdrawn from the market. In some cases it has been found that it is the habit of the dealers to work over the contents of the cans, "re-process them," and after having made them fit for use, put them

back in stock. Mr. Murray is trying to prevent this method of dealing with the public and in his efforts in this direction the public is in complete sympathy with him. But it seems almost impossible to obtain food that is perfectly pure.

The Tunnel

Five years ago the work of excavating Illinois Tunnel under the streets of the city of Chicago began so quietly that few people knew anything about it. The dirt was taken away by night, and after a time by underground cars so as to attract no attention. Whenever reference was made to a tunnel it was said that it was to be used for the transport of the mail and for electrical purposes. It now appears that it is to be used for the carrying of freight. The tunnel has been widened and is equipped with cars and an overhead trolley wire, and is now ready to transport freight of almost any kind from at least nine depots and to as many as thirty mercantile establishments in the down-town district. Probably the system will be extended to Pullman and South Chicago and to all the more important manufacturing districts of the city. Fifty electric locomotives are now in use, thirty-five more have been ordered, and 500 additional cars. The tunnel is so deep as to be below the reach of any subway transportation system. It will undoubtedly do something toward relieving the congestion of the streets, and it may prove an important factor in preventing any future strike of the teamsters as the larger houses will not be dependent upon them for the transportation of their goods. The tunnel, built at an expense of \$30,000,000, was opened to service Aug. 15 in the presence of city officials and many invited guests.

Child Labor

In common with the whole country Chicago has been deeply interested in the problem of child labor. Thanks to the persistence of a few persons, Illinois has as good laws on her statute-books in reference to this subject as can be found anywhere. But even these laws are declared insufficient. Raymond, the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, has been studying the problem of child labor East and West. While approving in the main the laws of the State of New York, he has pointed out many instances in which they work disastrously, and shown that there are instances where the employment of child labor is justifiable and far less injurious to the child than doing nothing or even working at home. Conditions in Pittsburg, though painful, were in some instances better than in New York.

Here in Chicago, in spite of the laws, they are unsatisfactory. Raymond finds much to commend in conditions at the stockyards, and declares that there is no foundation for the charge of immorality made by Upton Sinclair against the families living in that neighborhood. Nor does he think that the employers of child labor are so much to blame as the parents of the children who often perjure themselves in giving the age of their children. In many instances the earnings of the children are all that a family has to live upon. The question then is, Shall it be deprived of this income? Raymond thinks that in spite of the hardship which the application of the law, indiscriminately, will sometimes cause, it should be made even more radical, that children under size as well as under age, and who have not completed the grammar school grades, should not be employed at all. Exceptions may here and there be made, but on the whole he thinks such a law would be of service to the country. At present children are hindered in their growth by the work in which they are employed. Many of them can with difficulty read and write. They become citizens ill qualified for the duties of a voter and are at the mercy of the politician. Strange

as it may seem, with far less population, the per cent. of illiteracy in Chicago is almost as large as in New York. There it is chiefly among foreigners. Here it is among the native born, although these natives are usually of foreign parentage.

Andover Seminary as the West Views It

Hardly less than in the East, are Congregationalists in the West interested in the future of Andover Seminary. Most of the ministers would be sorry to have the seminary moved to Harvard where it would eventually lose its identity and be merged with the university. They would be equally sorry to have it continue where it is, and reach no more men than it has done the past decade. Friends of Chicago Seminary would be glad to have it come to Chicago, swallow up, if need be, the Chicago Seminary, at any rate add its funds and its library to the funds and library now here, and thus do the work theologically for our denomination which can be done nowhere else so well as in Chicago. Or if this is legally impossible, could not the funds be used to meet pressing needs, and the chief aim of the seminary be made the training of men for work among the foreign-born populations. The demand already existing for such trained men is beyond the supply. To meet it even partially, Chicago Seminary must have at once at least \$150,000. Why not transfer these departments and their present endowment to Andover, remove thither also the Slavic department of Oberlin, and the American International College and make Andover the great center of Christian and theological education for the foreign-born populations of the country? The foreign problem is as pressing in New England as anywhere, and the matter of transporting students East is far less difficult than the raising of money for their training in the West. Were Andover to set herself seriously at work to solve the problem of rightly training the men (and the women?) who are to work among our foreign-born citizens, she could make for herself a great name, win hosts of friends, and do a work for the whole country whose importance cannot be overestimated. Nor would there be any harm were other denominations than our own to make use of the magnificent opportunities which Andover could present.

Dr. Arthur Smith's Son Drowned

One of the saddest events connected with the recent history of Beloit College was the death last week of Henry D. Smith. He had exhausted his strength in trying in vain to save the life of Miss McCumber of Beloit with whom and another young lady he had been bathing in Geneva Lake. Mr. Smith was the son of the missionary, Dr. Arthur H. Smith, and was a young man of unusual promise and energy. It has been through his efforts, in part, that the classes in Beloit have so rapidly increased in numbers. He had studied at Yale Seminary and had taken up anew the work of field secretary for Beloit. Deep sympathy is felt for the college in its loss, and still deeper for his personal friends and for his father and mother, upon whom this blow will fall so heavily.

Chicago, Aug. 18.

FRANKLIN.

A call comes from the intrepid A. M. A. missionary in Alaska, Rev. J. Frank Cross, for illustrated magazines to distribute among the people to whom he is so efficiently ministering. Hitherto he has depended on San Francisco for such literature, but that source of supply is for the present closed. Here is a chance to put to good use recent magazines or illustrated papers. The address is Rev. James Frank Cross, Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska.

Our Readers' Forum

This department is intended to be a clearing house for opinion on all topics of general importance. To that end, brief voluntary contributions are invited in the hope that all sides of debatable questions will be freely and fairly discussed. In selecting these open letters for publication, the editors will endeavor to choose such as will interest and profit the readers of the paper.

Northfield at Close Range

I have followed with much interest Professor Steiner's articles on New England and its problems, but when I came to Northfield I could hardly recognize my portrait and that of my friends who are regular attendants here. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us, but I cannot help believing that the professor's stay was so short here that he failed to get into touch with the "Northfield spirit." Among the thousands who come here, are no doubt those simply seeking for "spiritual confectionery," as Campbell Morgan calls it. The vast majority, however, are men and women who are in the thick of the fight and must have the "Bread of Life" or faint by the way. Great numbers of country pastors are here who are bravely meeting and helping to solve the problems which Professor Steiner so well states, and suburban pastors who have all the problems of the city and country combined with a few of their own. Here are pastors of great city churches—one of them, who has added 1,000 members to his church in the last two years, pastors of institutional churches who are helping to solve the downtown problem; missionaries from the slums of our great cities, working among people who have fallen so low that, as some one said, "they have to reach up to touch bottom;" city missionaries giving their lives to uplift our great foreign populations and doing it; foreign missionaries from the four quarters of the globe. Christian workers of high and humble degree, we gather here, not so much to discuss needs and methods and conditions, as to turn aside to "rest awhile" and get near the Master as did the disciples of old, and to gather spiritual power for larger work.

While it is true that many of the addresses are along spiritual and even introspective lines, the practical work is never lost sight of. Consecration and receiving the Holy Spirit are means to an end. One meeting at least each day is given up to missions, another to a conference of pastors and evangelists upon their peculiar problems and difficulties with methods and remedies. Daily noonday meetings are held with the workmen on the new science building.

After all, the attraction here is in the last analysis the note of reality. Cant and controversy are not tolerated. If either succeeds in getting a hearing on the platform, Mr. Moody has a way of managing affairs so that any man who does not ring true has no second opportunity. We find here inspiration and help at the points of greatest need, and in this way if no other, Northfield is helping solve the problems of the day.

C. F. HERSEY,
City Missionary.

New Bedford.

Keep the Country Church Open

Allow me to express my hearty approval of the comment in *The Congregationalist*, Aug. 11, on the matter of closing the country church during the pastor's vacation. Such closing is a great deal more serious than many people take it to be. In two of my pastorates in Iowa the church was often closed during my vacation. These churches were able to provide for the regular worship at such times had they been disposed to do so. The work always suffered on account of stopping of the gatherings in the various departments. It may be almost, if not quite, necessary for certain churches to close their doors for a period in the summer; but even in their case the closing is of necessity and not of advantage. It is indeed a pity that so many people feel that what one does all must do.

No business enterprise of any importance ceases its operations that its manager, or officers, or employees may get their vacation. Let the individual have his vacation, let the church worker, whether he be pastor or layman, have his rest; but the Lord forbid that we should so easily turn aside from his worship and give up our efforts in his cause. If the activity of the local church is of so great importance as we sometimes try to make men feel it is, we are inconsistent when we allow it to flag or come to a full stop if any other course is possible for us.

In these days when so many men are clamoring for the right to indulge in every form of pleasure and when so many forces are demanding the sanction of the law for the transaction of all kinds of business on the Lord's day, it is an awful mistake for Christian people to halt their forces. For hosts of young people there are the most pressing temptations to disregard and to desecrate the Sabbath. For scores of these young people the church which shuts its doors on the Sabbath simply strengthens the temptations tenfold.

A. H. S.

The Weymouth Churches

In *The Congregationalist* of Aug. 11, an editorial on Old Home Week celebrations stated that "Old Weymouth dedicated a monument on the site of the first church that was built in the town." The monument was erected on the site of the first church in *South Weymouth*, called the "Old South," this church being the eldest daughter of the original church, the "Old North," which has existed since the town was settled in 1623, the original church being situated on Burying Hill, North Weymouth, not far from where the present building stands. It is the only one of the half dozen Congregational churches first planted in eastern Massachusetts that did not exchange its original Trinitarian theology for the Unitarian a century ago. This mother church of Weymouth has now four daughters and a granddaughter, the "Old South" of South Weymouth being the eldest daughter, leaving the old home in 1723. She still loves and reveres the mother church, and the monument which she has dedicated stands on the site of the *First Church in South Weymouth*.

A MEMBER OF THE OLD NORTH.

[If it could be proved that a Congregational church was organized in New England and a meeting house built, other than the Old Fort at Plymouth, as early as 1623, a new and interesting chapter could be added to Congregational history. The only evidence we know of that could give color to such a claim is the record of the transient and turbulent attempts at planting colonies by Weston and Captain Gorges. Rev. William Morell, who stayed a short time at Wessagussett, now Weymouth, was a clergyman of the Church of England. —THE EDITORS.]

Do We Believe It

I was much interested in the question proposed, a few weeks ago, by my dear old schoolmate and friend, Dr. Arthur Little—"What do Congregationalists believe?" If he would know what the larger share of the more thoughtful of them are coming to believe, I do not think he could do better than to read with great care, and then read again, the late Professor Stevens's, *The Christian Doctrine of Salvation*. We have in that book a theology based on common sense, and common sense is of God.

Stoughton, Ct.

J. O. BARROWS.

Introducing Students to Pastors in College Towns

Off for college for the first time, where the new, joyous four years are before one! We older in years, who have been a long time away from our *alma mater*, vividly recall the experiences of those first few weeks of our Freshman year. They meant so much to us, for all time; contributed so much to our making or un-making.

Soon several thousand young men and women are to launch upon this untried sea. Those first days will mean so much to their whole college course, and their after life. Their relation to the church in which for four years they are to worship ought to be considered.

The pastor of that church is anxiously awaiting the students' arrival, that he may renew former acquaintances, and form new ones. How few from the homes, schools and churches, whence these young people come, realize this? Or rather, how few think to send to the pastor of the college church a letter of introduction, or of information regarding those entering college.

Three parties ought to bear this in mind, parents, teachers and the home pastors. The latter do not always neglect it, teachers occasionally write, and rarely parents. My own experience I find to be not unlike that of other pastors in college towns—that less than four per cent. of the students entering college are introduced by letter to him who for four years is likely to preach to them.

One pastor I know of sends a letter regarding each person who leaves home to enter college. Why should not others do the same? These letters wonderfully facilitate acquaintance between the student and preacher. Instances have come in my own experience in which such a letter has been the first step toward an intimate, helpful and lasting friendship. We need contact with students fully as much as they need contact with us. At any rate, it is worth while spending a few moments in writing such a letter. The college pastor will welcome it, and it may prove a permanent benefit to the student who for the first time enters college halls.

(REV.) THOMAS SIMMS.

Middlebury, Vt.

Where I Would Bestow the Sage Millions

Through a specially qualified agent, I should visit the small towns, the mining camps, the isolated hamlets west of the Mississippi River, and erect, where needed, a Russell Sage Home—fully equipped with social conveniences for the men and boys. It should be open at all hours, particularly at night; a gathering center for those who have no place save the saloon to assemble in. The crying need of such an institution, under Christian influences, is apparent to the least observant in this western section of our country. It would do more to save America to the future than all the hospitals, libraries and asylums combined. Mr. Carnegie made his gifts of libraries a business proposition. He was to give and equip the building, the community to preserve the library and see that it did its work. The same could be done in the case of a Russell Sage Home, and thousands would bless its influences as an effective antidote to saloons, gambling dens, halls of vice and evil companions. Here is an entirely unoccupied field for some one's millions—why not for those of Russell Sage?

Rio Vista, Cal. WILLIAM H. SCUDDER.

A Layman's New View of Foreign Missions

It is a pleasing experience, even in middle life, to be converted to new ideas after one's opinions have become apparently fixed and a part of one's self. To find one's long cherished notions even, swept away by an incoming tide of progressive thought. To awake to find the grounds for one's former opinions no longer tenable or to find the spirit of indifference displaced by that of sane enthusiasm. Such is the effect produced upon the mind of the writer after listening to Dr. Smith's advocacy of and eloquent appeal for foreign missions.

Having formerly held the opinion that our first and greatest duty was to the home field; that it was better to wait until its opportunities were exhausted before branching out into other fields; and believing that there are many who still hold to such opinions I wish to state the reasons for my new belief. Of all the problems confronting this nation today the most important is unity in diversity. Upon this principle was this government founded, and upon its maintenance depends our future as a Christian nation and republic. If immigration were to cease today, those foreigners now residents of our country, might easily become assimilated, but our doors are still wide open and likely to remain so indefinitely. What then of the future? Probably a million foreigners will come into this country this year, and among them may be representatives of all the countries of the world. Their main objects in coming are to escape oppression and obtain better compensation for services rendered. They have already learned the value and power of the ballot as the regulator of the conditions under which they are to live and that numbers count in the establishment of those conditions.

The problem before us then, is to find out whether these people are coming here simply as foreigners, to seek refuge in our free Government or as aliens also to the principles upon which our Government is founded. If the latter, how long would it be before our institutions would become as things of the past? What chance would the descendants of the old stock, already reduced in numbers and many of them even but indifferent citizens, then have, of success in maintaining our national character and integrity? It is imperative then, that we determine that these new people shall become not only assimilated into our body politic, but also, that they be imbued with the proper spirit towards those institutions upon which this republic rests and by which alone is its permanency assured.

Here then is where the need and value of Christian missionaries in foreign countries is apparent. Herein lies the warrant for our spending a million dollars this year and more each succeeding year, to maintain in foreign fields men whose knowledge and piety may be relied upon to teach these peoples how to become true citizens of these United States.

Herein lies the twentieth-century test of our patriotism, and God grant that we may so emulate the example of our fathers, as to fully meet the requirements of our time.

Lynn, Mass.

W. B. CURRIER.

Great Heart and Helping Hand

A unique manifestation of denominational amity and fellowship was exemplified on a recent Sunday in the Congregational church at Bar Harbor. Dr. A. W. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions was invited to preach. Having in view the effort being made to raise the million-dollar Haystack Centennial Fund he took for his theme, The Place of the American Board in the Foreign Missionary Movement. By a masterly array of facts he showed the debt all denominational boards owe to this, the parent organization. He made a strong appeal for contributions to the fund which was responded

to by an offering of \$1,255, Presbyterians contributing nearly the entire amount.

A. M. M. D.

Open Eyes and How to Get Them

(Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting)

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Sept. 2-8. Spiritual Blindness. John 9: 35-41.

For every ten persons who can talk, there is only one who can think, and for every ten who can think there is only one who can see.—Ruskin.

Tests of eyesight. When we go to the oculist, he speedily finds out through displaying different sizes of type how far we can see clearly. Sometime we find out for ourselves when we climb to the top of a high city building and try to read the signs at a distance, or scale a mountain with friends and then compare notes as to how far we can see. Such experiences frequently surprise and even disappoint us as we discover, perhaps, that our eyesight has failed; nevertheless, we should at regular intervals test it in some such way.

But how far we can see is not the only test of eyesight, the other is the number of things we can see within a given area. That shows how minute and exact our eyesight is. A certain parlor game helps in this particular; a dozen or a score of objects are arranged on the table and the players are given two minutes in which to see all they can and afterward report on the number and character of the articles.

Test of spiritual eyesight. Just as we have our eyes examined from time to time, so we ought sharply to scrutinize our spiritual eyes from time to time. Here are some good tests:

Our fellowmen. What do we see in them; lumps of flesh and bone, human machines, capable of doing so much work for a time and then sure to wear out; strange, mysterious beings, often willful, disagreeable, selfish? Or do we see in every man who crosses our path, some tokens of the Divine hand that made him? Can our eyes pierce through rough exteriors to the hidden germs of goodness; do we see men only as tools with which we may carry out our own selfish devices, or as the unfortunate victims of our selfish cravings, or do we see them as Christ's little ones, many of them, no doubt, far out of the way, but still needing our ministrations and meriting our respect?

Nature. This beautiful world about us with the touch of the golden autumn already upon it; do we see in it anything more than certain detached objects, or can we see in every blade of grass, and in every star the handiwork of God and throughout the universe his glory manifesting itself in the things he has created?

Events. How do they look to us when we take up the morning paper, have we any sympathy with the man who said that he needed his daily paper in order to find out what God is doing in the world, or do our eyes dwell fondly on the accounts of scandals and crime? Do we see the events of our own life as anything more than a series of meaningless happenings; or can we detect God's presence like in sorrowful as in joyous things, so that we can say with Whittier:

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
I only know that life and death
His goodness underlies.

Spiritual Eye-openers. How much is being done in these days to lead persons to look about them! Every great city has its cars or automobiles devoted to conveying parties from point to point in order that they may adequately see the city. Would that we could organize spiritual sight seeing parties, that some expert like Dr. J. L. Barton or Robert E. Speer would take us with him, while he opened our eyes to the grandeur of foreign

missions, or that we might go to some high place whence some captain of home missionary advance like Dr. Ryder or Mr. Shelton would point out the objects of interest. We need not travel away from our own doorway in order to have our eyes opened to the meaning of events to the presence of God in nature to the worth and claims of our fellowmen. Jesus still walks the streets of our town, opening the eyes of all who will say to him, humbly and heartily, "Lord that I may receive my sight."

Closing Days at Northfield

BY REV. E. M. BLISS, D. D.

Conference days are closing. Day after day has brought new attendants and even Mt. Hermon has been called on to entertain those who could find no lodging nearer. The meetings, too, have been voted on every hand a success, Campbell Morgan's audiences, whether at his nine o'clock Exposition of Numbers and Deuteronomy or his evening preaching, have filled the Auditorium to overflowing. If there were fewer at Johnston Ross's study of the Gospel of John, it is probably due, first, to the fact that when one has listened for an hour to Campbell Morgan, even an hour's intermission scarcely gives enough time to recuperate the wearied brain cells; second, to the equally evident fact that it takes a concentration to follow what Dr. William Taylor used to call "the most closely reticulated argument in literature," even when illuminated by so clear headed and vivid a speaker as Dr. Ross. It was funny to watch the despair of some of the note-takers. They wanted everything—they couldn't get everything, and somehow the very power of selection seemed to be fairly paralyzed by the necessity of prompt action.

Mr. Torrey (he says they don't call him Dr. in Chicago and he wishes they wouldn't here) gave a series of afternoon talks on the Holy Spirit; Dr. H. W. Pope shared with others the results of his experience in evangelistic work, and a variety of speakers had the Round Top service, the evening meetings, the camp meetings (Y. M. C. A.), the seven o'clock prayer meeting and so on through the long list that surely ought to satisfy anybody and everybody. Of course there was Mission Day, foreign in the morning, home in the afternoon, and general mass meeting in the evening, with its messages from many fields by many workers. Post-conference addresses by Drs. Morgan and Ross will begin next week in the village church.

There has been one note of sadness and yet of triumph this past week. Many have come to have a new interest in the great Sudan through the presentation of its needs and opportunities by Dr. Karl Kummi and his gifted wife, Lucy Guinness Kummi. Dr. Kummi left for England early in the summer, and before sailing placed his wife and two little boys in a cottage in Northfield. They were becoming well known to many when suddenly word came that Mrs. Kummi was seriously ill, and she soon passed away. All who came in contact with her spoke of her sweet, joyous spirit, and particularly of her evident realization of the companionship of Jesus. When told that the end was almost certainly near she spoke of her husband and children, and then turned to each one of those who stood around her and asked, "Do you love Jesus?" and the emphasis on "love" opened up the very life of her soul. Dr. Kummi is expected this coming week. It will be a sad coming, and yet there will be the comfort of the triumphal entry. It may be that even being dead Mrs. Kummi may speak still more forcibly of the need of the great field that lay upon her heart.

Northfield, Aug. 18.

Perhaps no Anglo-Saxon fully understands the finery in self-revelation which centuries of the confessional have given to the Latin races.—Edith Wharton, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

BARKER, P. H., Chicago Univ., to Mazon, Ill.
 BEARD, REUBEN A., Cambridge, Mass., withdraws acceptance of call to Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and accepts call to First Ch., Fargo, N. D.
 BURTNER, OTTO W., does not accept call to Landonia, N. H. Is called to First Ch., Ansonia, Ct. Decision not yet given.
 CAIN, FRANK E., Elma, Io., to Shell Rock. Accepts, and is at work.
 CAMP, EDW. C., formerly of Whitman, Mass., to Watertown. Accepts, and is at work.
 CONLEY, HENRY W., formerly of Stonington, Me., to Guildhall, Vt. Accepts, beginning Sept. 1.
 DAVIES, JOHN B., Elm St. Ch., Youngstown, O., to Lewis, N. Y. Declines.
 DELL, FRANK E., Grass Valley, Cal., to First Ch., Salem, Ore. Accepts.
 DEHOME, JULES A., to remain another year in Valley Springs, S. D.
 EAKIN, JOHN A., Cresco, Io., to New Hampton. Accepts, and is at work.
 HAMILTON, JOS. S., W. Chicago, Ill., to Friend, Neb. Accepts.
 HARTWELL, MINOT S., Union Ch., Sleepy Eye, Minn., to become an associate with Evangelist Rev. Oscar Lowry, Cedar Falls, Io.; also to Marshall, Minn.
 HENDERSON, THOS., Garden, Mich., to Brimley and Iroquois. Accepts.
 HUDSON, J. D., Washougal, Wn., to Beach. Accepts.
 HUELSTER, EDW. W., Mason City, Io., accepts call to Homer, N. Y.
 HUNTER, HAMILTON D., Carthage, Mo., to Cresco, Io. Declines.
 HUSTED, JOHN T., Kalkaska, Mich., to Mancelona. Accepts.
 KING, JAS. D., Putney, Vt., to Wilmington and W. Dover. Accepts.

MCDOWELL, HENRY M., Joplin, Mo., to become superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Southwestern Missouri. Accepts, and will reside in Carthage.

MCGANN, WM. T., Chicago Sem., to Lake Linden, Mich. Accepts.

PALMER, WILLARD H., Denmark and Hiram, Me., to Wilton. Accepts.

PETTENGILL, D. L., Bangor Sem., to Van Buren, Me.

PURDUE, ROLAND W., to remain another year at Cherokee, Io., with increased salary; also to Le Mars. Accepts the latter.

SAUERMAN, W. E., Oto, Io., to Washta. Accepts.

SESTER, G. A., Bates Coll., to Masardis, Oxbow, Portage Lake and Eagle Lake, Me. Accepts.

STETSON, OSCAR F., N. Carver, Mass. Accepts call to Sutton.

STOCKING, JAS. B., to remain a fourth year at Burwell, Neb.

VAUGHAN, JONA. W., N. Belfast, Me., to Brooks and Jackson. Accepts, and is at work.

WALKER, JOS. W., W. Stewartstown, N. H., to Lebanon Center, Me. Accepts.

WOODWELL, GEO. M., Orono, Me., to Princeton. Accepts.

WYATT, FRANCIS O., Pullman, Wn., to Cheney. Accepts.

Resignations

BOOTH, HAROLD G., Vassalboro and Riverside, Me. CARPENTER, CHAS. M., Oxford, Mass., to take effect Oct. 28, after six years' service.

DELL, FRANK E., Grass Valley, Cal.

ERKINE, JOHN W., Standish, Mich., to take effect Oct. 1.

GILMORE, AUBREY C., First Ch., S. Portland, Me., to take effect Oct. 1.

GREENE, EDW. P., W. Brooksville, Me.

HARRISON, CHAS. H., Free Ch., Woodfords, Portland, Me., to become instructor in N. H. Agricultural Coll.

HENDERSON, THOS., Garden, Mich.

HENRY, D. P., Allenville, Mich.

KENNEY, CHAS. H., Jackman, Me.

KING, JAS. D., Putney, Vt.
 LAUGHLIN, T. C., chair of New Testament theology, Pacific Sem., Berkeley, Cal.

LOOMIS, ALBA L. P., Rochester, Wis., after five years' service.

MCDOWELL, HENRY M., Joplin, Mo.

MOATS, J. W., Highland, Kan.

SHOEMAKER, ELMER E., Covenant Ch., Chicago, Ill. He will spend some time in New Haven, working on his forthcoming book.

WILLIAMS, ALLEN D., Perry, Me.

Stated Supplies

HAWKES, WINFIELD S., formerly H. M. superintendent in Utah and Idaho, and more recently with the French-American Coll. in Springfield, Mass., at the Presb. Ch. in Caldwell, Io.

LIVINGSTON, STEPHEN T., Fryeburg, Me., at Belleville Ch., Newburyport, Mass., during the three months' absence of the pastor, Rev. Richard Wright, in Europe.

Personals

CADMUS, WM. E., First Ch., Elyria, O., recently attempted to resign the pastorate which he has held for nearly ten years. The church declined to consider the resignation, but offered increased financial backing for the institutional work, to employ a salaried financial secretary, a Bible school worker and a solicitor; to give the pastor an increase of \$500 in salary, and \$100 for vacation uses. Mr. Cadmus withdrew his resignation but declined to receive the increase in salary until the remaining \$1,000 on debt of the church has been fully raised. He accepted the vacation money on condition that the senior deacon, who suggested the gift, share it with him.

CLEMENTS, ARTHUR, Southfield and New Marlboro, Mass., was recently given \$136 with which to purchase a horse.

HIATT, CASPAR W., Euclid Ave. Ch., Cleveland, O., and family are spending two months cruising, in their yacht, on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

Continued on page 252.

Forward for \$500,000 Annually for Home Missions

FROM CHURCHES AND INDIVIDUALS

By DON O. SHELTON

I.

Comparisons often cheer. The report of the treasurer of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, for the four months ending July 31, 1906, shows a gratifying increase in contributions over those received in the same period last year. The receipts for the first four months this year are doubly encouraging from the fact that the receipts in 1905 were considerably in excess of those of 1904.

RECEIPTS (CONTRIBUTIONS ONLY)

APRIL 1—JULY 31

Contributions, etc. (legacies not included) for the above period:

1904	\$29,278
1905	38,510
1906	44,049

The very encouraging increase in 1905 over the previous year was almost wholly the result of the response of individuals to the special financial needs of the society. The added increase this year is also owing to the generous giving of individual members of churches, in answer to personal requests. This comparative table of receipts, from contributions, reveals a deep, practical interest in the work of the society on the part of many friends.

II.

But comparisons sometimes sadden. Our treasurer's report of receipts from legacies shows decline instead of gain.

LEGACY RECEIPTS, APRIL 1—JULY 31

Legacy receipts only for the above period (contributions, etc., not included): 1904, \$70,562; 1905, \$81,997; 1906, \$21,955.

It is through the unexpected and unprecedented decline in legacy receipts, indicated above, that the financial needs of the society are now so pressing and formidable.

Through its income from legacies the society has done a large part of its past work, and doubtless legacy receipts will form a large part of its future income.

But receipts from legacies in process of payment are ungovernable, and during the past three years have so fluctuated as to be undependable.

III.

It is imperative, therefore, that gifts from the living be increased immediately and extensively. The Congregational home mission cause will continue to be imperiled unless members of our churches at once enlarge their offerings. Dr. Josiah Strong has recently shown how greatly the resources of Congregationalists have enlarged during the past ten years. According to his fair estimate, their combined wealth is \$240,000,000 greater than ten years ago. But have Congregationalists given in accordance with their growing ability? No; they gave ten per cent. less to benevolences last year than ten years ago.

With their financial resources so largely increased, there is reason to expect an immediate and a generous response to the urgent financial needs of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Opportunities for home mission service were never greater. To fail to take advantage of them is not only contrary to the known will of the Master, but is a sure means of spiritual decay.

How much money from members of Congregational churches is needed for home missions? Not less than \$500,000 annually in contributions (exclusive of all legacy receipts). An amount not less than this is essential for the carrying forward of the great work of the National and State Societies.

Five hundred thousand dollars annually, in contributions, from members of Congregational churches, must be our battle-cry!

Think of it! An average annual gift of only \$1 from each Congregational church member would more than afford this grand total.

You can help to bring the total offering of your church up to this mark. Will you not pray? Will you not work? Will you not give? Will you not become a consequential force in behalf of securing \$500,000 in contributions for Congregational Home Missions?

NOWHERE BUT FORWARD!

Please cut out this slip and mail with your contribution to the Congregational Home Missionary Society, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Herewith find \$_____, being a contribution to the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Name _____

Town or City _____

Street _____ State _____

Church _____

Church and Ministerial Record

(Continued from page 251.)

HOYT, JAS. P., St. Petersburg, Fla., has been spending two months in Connecticut and New York, visiting former parishes and preaching occasionally.

KILBOURN, HENRY J., Bradford, Vt., having served the church for seven full years, has been granted two months' vacation which will be spent in Italy. With Mrs. Kilbourn he sailed for Naples Aug. 11.

KNOFF, FRANK E., Austin, Minn., has supplied acceptably at Plymouth Ch., Denver, Col., during the absence of the pastor, Rev. F. T. Bayley, in the East.

OLESON, WM. B., has been supplying the pulpit at Ware, Mass., for eight months, conducting the midweek meeting and doing pastoral work. He has prepared the ground for the new pastor, Rev. G. B. Hatch, who begins work Sept. 1. Mr. Oleson has removed his residence to Groton, Mass. He is now available as a temporary or permanent supply.

Churches Organized

BEACH, WN., org. 31 July. Rev. J. D. Hudson, pastor.

DOTY, WN.,

HUMBOLDT, ARIZ., org. 16 March, 27 members. Rev. Edmund Owens, pastor.

Material Gain

AURORA, NEB.—New church building, costing \$12,000, turned over to the trustees of the church by the building committee, entirely free of debt, also \$100 for the church treasury. It will be dedicated early in September.

LEIGH, NEB.—New cement steps at entrance of church building, and stained glass windows for the interior.

Casualties

WINCHENDON, MASS.—During a severe electrical storm early in the month the church building was struck by lightning slightly damaging pulpit and ceilings.

Gifts

AVALON, CAL., from Mrs. J. H. Hundley and other friends oak communion table and \$25.50 for new carpet fund.

CHICAGO, ILL., Green St. Ch., individual communion set by Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Miller and new hymn-board by Mrs. R. McNeill.

NEW MARLBORO, MASS., new pulpit Bible from Mrs. Langhaar of Brooklyn, N. Y., a summer visitor to New Marlboro.

AT FORTY-SIX

Your Stomach Begins to "Talk Back" to You.

At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you. It is at first displeased, then irritable, then "sassy." It will not stand abuse without protest. It agrees to disagree with you on many subjects and if you press your point too far it will rage and bellow like a wounded bull. Perhaps it begins "talking back" before you are forty-six—perhaps a little later in life. You didn't know you had a stomach before.

The reason your stomach doesn't "talk back" when you eat Shredded Whole Wheat is because it is Nature's food. It is not only the cleanest and purest cereal food in the world, but the most easily digested. Of course, there is a reason for this. The whole wheat is cleaned, steam-cooked and then drawn out into fine, porous shreds and baked. These shreds, being porous, are quickly permeated by the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach and are digested and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. Moreover, these shreds are rich in the phosphates that make bone and brain and the nitrates that make muscle and healthy tissue. It is an ideal summer food, especially for those who cannot eat everything their appetites crave. Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast every morning will keep the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. All grocers sell it.

Anniversaries

DWIGHT, N. D., Rev. Chas. A. Mack, twentieth of organization, celebrated Aug. 8, with addresses by Dr. G. B. Barnes, who preached at the organization, Supt. E. H. Stickney and Rev. O. P. Champ-llin.

IRVINGTON, NEB., celebrated its 40th anniversary Aug. 8. It is the seventh Cong'l church in point of organization in Nebraska. Four of its members are now engaged in H. M. work, and one is a missionary in China.

Patriotic Immigrants in the Northwest

BY REV. FRANK FOX, D. D., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

For years a stream of Germans from Russia have been pouring into the Dakotas and the region beyond. By their thrift and industry these sturdy people have transformed a desert into a paradise of fruitful farms, happy homes and prosperous villages. The prairies literally swarm with their children. There is no suggestion of race suicide among them. They are not clannish like so many foreigners. They readily intermarry with American families. They are anxious to educate their children, and in every way to conform to American standards and ideals.

The writer was invited to deliver an address last Independence Day at a patriotic celebration held in a Russian-German community. The village claims a population of but 500, yet by nine o'clock on the morning of the Fourth 1,500 people were on hand for the exercises of the day.

The parade was unusual and instructive. A young German impersonated Uncle Sam, while a fair young fraulein represented the Goddess of Liberty. Around them on the float were little German girls representing the states, territories and our island possessions. The large platform and speaker's stand were profusely decorated with the stars and stripes. Every seat was occupied and hundreds stood throughout the two hours' program.

It was worth a long journey to hear those young Germans sing The Star Spangled Banner and My Country, 'Tis of Thee in German. A young German read the Declaration of Independence with as much enthusiasm as it ever was read in the early days of our independence.

My address in English was followed by another in German by a man who left Russia at the age of twenty-one. When he landed in America he could speak five other languages, but no word of English. Yet in three months he carried on a conversation in English and in a year gave a public address in our language. He urged his hearers to educate their children to lengthen the term of school each year. He told them to make every effort to prove worthy citizens of a republic established at such a cost as ours.

A thoughtful young German said, while watching the 2,000 people enjoying the parade: "O, if the Czar of Russia could only see us today! No soldiers, no policemen, yet perfect order, and every man ready to lay down his life for the republic! Surely, if he saw this patriotic celebration he would no longer hesitate to trust his subjects."

These people are naturally religious and lovers of liberty. There is a great opportunity for Congregationalists among them. Redfield College is making heroic efforts to minister through its German department, which is in pressing need of a larger endowment, as is also the German department of Chicago Theological Seminary, that able German-speaking ministers may be trained to work among these people. No field from Oklahoma to Canada will yield such fruitful returns as will these Russian-German communities.

The mayor of Cincinnati refuses to allow the Salvation Army to station its agents on the streets of that city to solicit money unless the public is furnished a complete account of receipts and expenditures.

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Buffet Sleeper leaves Boston, 3.32 P. M.; Worcester, 4.42; Springfield, 6.24, daily except Sundays, via Boston & Albany and New York Central, for Lake Placid and Intermediate points; due Childwold, 5.55 A. M.; Tupper Lake 6.10; Saranac Inn, 6.43; Saranac Lake, 7.35; and Lake Placid, 8.10 A. M. Early morning breakfast from buffet. Close connection for the Northern Adirondacks.

Returning, Sleeper leaves Lake Placid 8.05 P. M. daily except Saturday; due Boston 10.30 next morning. Dining car Springfield to Boston.

For additional train service, or illustrated literature descriptive of the Adirondacks, call on or address A. J. Carroll, Pass. Agt., 404 Main St., Springfield; J. E. Sweeney, 385 Main St., Worcester; K. M. Harris, 366 Washington St., Boston.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.

Religious Notices

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Organized May, 1828; incorporated April, 1838. Object: to improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels, publishes the *Sailor's Magazine*, *Seaman's Friend* and *Life Boat*.

Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

CHARLES A. STODDARD, D. D., President.
WILLIAM C. STUBBS, Vice-President.
Rev. G. MOPHERSON HUNTER, Secretary.
CLARENCE C. PINNEO, Treasurer.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. Sixtieth annual meeting of the A. M. A. Oberlin College and the First and Second Congregational Churches of the town are preparing for the sixtieth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association which meets in Oberlin, O. Oct. 23-24-25, next.

Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., presides. Rev. G. G. Atkins, D. D., preaches the annual sermon. The program will be varied, interesting and in some features unique. State associations, local conferences and contributing churches are each entitled to elect two delegates. Pastors of contributing churches are ex-officio delegates. The following are chairmen of the various committees:

General Committee, Fros. H. C. King, D. D., Chairman.
Entertainment Committee, Mr. L. D. Harkness, Chairman.
Transportation Committee, Sec. George M. Jones, Chairman.
Finance Committee, Mr. H. B. Thurston, Chairman.
Committee of Arrangement, Dr. H. G. Husted, Chairman.
Reception Committee, Prof. F. F. Jewett.

The Chairman of any of these committees may be addressed Oberlin, O.



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Greater New York

Summer Preachers in Brooklyn

The United Congregational Church with the Presbyterian Reformed, two Baptist and Free Baptist, have joined together with St. John's Methodist Episcopal, at the latter's edifice, in a series of union services, the preacher being Rev. Dr. Robert Y. Coyle of Denver, former moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly. The literary charm as well as the spiritual earnestness of Dr. Coyle appeal greatly to his congregations. The Christian brotherhood of the Sunday services is further increased by a union prayer meeting during the week. Rev. Luther R. Dyott still retains a firm hold on the affections of Christian people in New Jersey, and has once more yielded to their persuasive appeal to conduct union services for six Sundays on Jersey City heights, including Rev. John L. Soudder's church.

Plymouth, Central and Tompkins Avenue

Plymouth Church activities ran considerably into the summer. During July Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago and Dr. Pentecost of Northfield were among the preachers. Next month large congregations will gather to hear Drs. Campbell Morgan, Lyman Abbott and W. L. Watkinson. The associate pastor, Rev. Willard P. Harmon, remains near the church all summer, preaching occasionally and rendering that pastoral service for which so many, and often unlooked-for occasions arise. Dr. Hillis has passed from his cottage in Maine to several lecture centers in the West, and will not return to his pulpit till the last Sunday in September.

Tompkins Avenue and Central Church as usual unite, with a month of services in each church. Among the preachers are: Dr. Goodspeed of Springfield, Pres. M. Woolsey Stryker of Hamilton College, Pres. A. V. V. Raymond of Union College and Dr. T. B. McLeod, who will be heartily welcomed by his old friends. Dr. W. L. Watkinson will supply Dr. Cadman's pulpit on the first two Sundays in September.

Other Brooklyn Interests

Rev. Charles Herald of Bethesda Church has returned from England, where he spent seven weeks, and addressed three thousand people in Charrington's big mission at London. Mr. Herald's eyesight has improved, to the delight of his earnest workers, and Bethesda

MORE THAN MONEY

A Minister Talks About Grape-Nuts.

"My first stomach trouble began back in 1895," writes a minister in Nebraska, "resulting from hasty eating and eating too much. I found no relief from medicine and grew so bad that all food gave me great distress.

"It was that sore, gnawing, hungry feeling in my stomach that was so distressing and I became a sick man. Grape-Nuts was recommended as a food that could be easily digested.

"Leaving the old diet that had given me so much trouble, I began to eat Grape-Nuts with a little cream and sugar. The change effected in 24 hours was truly remarkable, and in a few weeks I was back to health again.

"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted back to fat meat and indigestible foods, which put me again on the sick list.

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream and in four days I was put right again. The old dull headaches are gone, stomach comfortable, head clear, and it is a delight to pursue my studies and work.

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me and I hope this may induce some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

is already beginning preparations for a new harvest.

Rev. J. L. Clark, D. D., has made a successful beginning in his new pastorate at the Bushwick Avenue Church. At the last communion, in July, he received forty-three new members, thirty-nine upon profession of faith; making a total of ninety received since Easter. On one Sunday three communion services were held in the homes of sick persons, and seven taken into church fellowship. Two men sixty years of age were baptized. Many of the recent new members came out of the combined Bible class for young men and young women, which has a membership of about eighty. The church offerings are also increasing.

Successful Services in Manhattan

Dr. Campbell Morgan's steamer was late in arriving, but an immense audience waited more than an hour in terrific heat till he came, but no one went away, nor did the sermon need to be shortened. Dr. Morgan's success is greater than ever. Last Sunday every seat in the huge auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church was taken before the service, chairs were brought in and filled and people sat packed round the pulpit steps. In the afternoon the church was filled again, with an almost entirely different congregation.

Seven blocks away on the same avenue at the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus is occupying Dr. Mackey's pulpit for a month, and in the large congregations are many professional men and some of that large number of ministers whose Mecca—in summer—is New York. Dr. Gunsaulus believes that one outcome of the recent discoveries of corruption, will be a new concentration of moral forces, and he is therefore delivering a series of addresses, in search for the motive of morality that will endure the stress of our modern life. Rev. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford will be heard on two Sundays at the West End Collegiate Church.

Evangelism for Men

Though formed last year, the inaugural meeting of the New York Men's Evangelistic Association was not held until the beginning of this summer. It is the outcome of the work done (largely under the guidance of Y. M. C. A. religious workers) in factories and shops by some of the leaders in the 1905 tent movement. The veteran, Rev. Dr. George Alexander of University Place Presbyterian Church, is president, and Dr. E. T. Sanford, vice-president. A board of directors, representing sixteen churches and seven denominations, controls the work. Its object is to organize, in factories or work yards, groups of men, to be known as "chapels," the members agreeing to assist in the maintenance of and to interest fellow-workmen in daily services. One valuable result will be the practical acquaintance of local pastors and working men. Factory Chapel Number One was organized with seventy-five employees of the Western Electric Company. Funds have been secured to maintain a daily meeting for four months.

The Prevention of Tuberculosis

It is estimated that 51,874 persons in the city are at present suffering from this preventable disease, while 9,638 died from it last year. Of these nearly one-third were between 20 and 44 years of age, when such people should be of most value to the community, as well as to their own families. The committee of the Charity Organization Society now offers to all churches an opportunity to co-operate (without expense) in supplying the general public with elementary information which (if obeyed) will help to eradicate the disease. Each church has been asked to distribute cards, well printed, in English, Yiddish, German, Bohemian or Italian, giving a few simple but sufficient directions. Any quantity of cards will be supplied. Over 50,000 have already been ordered by hospitals, manufacturers, merchants, etc.

SYDNEY.

If the dealers would only be fair to you and me, you would have less lamp troubles and I would make more chimneys.

If a MACBETH lamp-chimney was sold every time one is asked for, I would make all the lamp-chimneys instead of half of them.

The Index explains how to get a MACBETH chimney to fit every lamp, and how to care for lamps. Sent free to everyone asking for it.

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Meetings and Events to Come

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL WORKERS AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE, second biennial session, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 20-24.

NORTHFIELD POST CONFERENCE ADDRESSES, Aug. 20-Oct. 1.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION, Holyoke, Oct. 2-4.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, Haystack Meeting, North Adams, Mass., Oct. 9-12.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Oberlin, O., Oct. 23-25.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

KRICK-ADAMS-In San Francisco, Aug. 12, by the father of the bride, Edwin Vernon Krick and Sarah Conrad Adams, fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George C. Adams. No cards.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

COGGIN-In Boxford, Mass., Aug. 11, Mary Clark, widow of Wm. S. Coggin, D. D., and aunt of Dr. Francis E. Clark. Aged 84 yrs.

EDWARDS-In Wellesley Hills, Frances S., wife of the late Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

WOODWORTH-In Auburn, Me., Aug. 10, Sarah E., wife of Rev. C. L. Woodworth, dean of Bliss Business College, Lewiston. Aged 52 yrs.

MARY I. LOCKWOOD

Entered into rest, at New London, Ct., Aug. 10, Mary Ivers Lockwood, in her eighty-second year. With this youngest of a notable group of sisters, all unmarried, the line of descent is fittingly closed. Holmes' felicitous phrase, "eighty years young," was true of her. The fresh color in the face symbolized the buoyancy of the spirit. Those who met her rarely, or only once, kept the memory of a fair vision. Dainty in person, as in dress, with a musical voice, a merry laugh, an unflinching courtesy, a nimble wit, a cultivated mind, a sympathetic and affectionate nature, crowned by a clear and strong Christian faith, she was responsive to all that was good, while keenly sensitive to suffering, sorrow or wrong.

An ardent lover of her country and champion of President Roosevelt, she kept in touch with national and state, as with local issues. The Russo-Japanese War she followed closely, and rejoiced in the outcome of it. History, travel, biography, all claimed her interest, while nature studies evoked enthusiasm.

Her garden was a source of much pleasure, even to the end. She had great capacity of friendship and, of course, troops of friends. The home with its fascinating interior, and more fascinating mistress, was the Mecca, each year, of many pilgrims. Mothers brought their little ones, as to a shrine, and the children were glad to come.

Her benevolences were many and varied, and good causes were sure of an intelligent and candid hearing and, if practicable, material aid. Her name was familiar to the treasurers of our missionary societies, as to the officers of educational institutions, though rarely reported except in disguise as "Friend." Her deepest loyalty went out to the First Church of Christ here, in whose fellowship she walked for sixty-four years, and to the kingdom of God, especially as represented by the A. B. C. F. M. and Woman's Board.

While failing vision and growing deafness withdrew her from social and religious gatherings in recent years, they did not interrupt her constant study of the Word, in daily reading and as member of the home department of the Sunday school. Increasing wakefulness also allowed larger opportunity for intercessory prayer. So the life moved on in even flow, until the recent heated term brought a few days of weakness and, as her fellow-disciples were returning from the prayer-room, where she had been tenderly commended to the Father.

There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features, fair and thin,
And safely, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

C. H. W.

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Cuticura Ointment.

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THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

are more attractive than ever this season. The New York Central Lines Four-Track Series No. 10, "The St. Lawrence River from the Thousand Islands to the Saguenay" contains the finest map ever made of this region. Copy will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Grand Central Station, New York. THE



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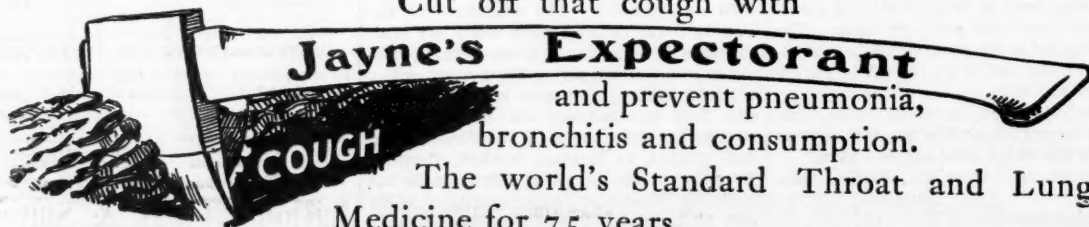
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Philadelphia's Temperance Settlement

BY JANE A. STEWART

The "Lighthouse" Restaurant and Club-house at Lehigh Avenue and Waterloo Street, Philadelphia, is a busy hive of well-directed, successful Christian social activities. It is modeled on the lines of a social settlement. Its entire operations are actuated by the gospel impulse and its efforts are devoted to the single, enduring aim of leading men to follow the Christian way.

The work is essentially practical throughout. Foremost is the force exerted for temperance. The distinctive feature of this work is the Lighthouse Restaurant, which furnishes simple, wholesome food at nominal rates to hungry, hard worked men and women. Its throngs of patrons rush in during the thirty minutes' noon respite in the big brick factories all about. The restaurant supplies its customers with something superior to the illusive saloon free lunch, which would otherwise be all that most of them would get.

Besides good meals, the house affords, through other equipment, a well-planned substitute for the saloon. There are pleasant reading, assembly and gamerooms; a good library of books and periodicals, social and athletic clubs, educational classes and other valuable features.

The temperance pledge is offered, but not urged upon the men, who, for a fee of twenty-five cents a month, may become members and enjoy all the privileges of the place. The restaurant is open to all comers, men and women. And it is a pertinent fact that it is a source of \$500 net profit annually to aid in the yearly expense of carrying on the institutional work. Gospel and temperance meetings are conducted regularly on Wednesday nights and on Sundays, when the beauty of the Christian life is graphically portrayed by men and women lay-workers, and temperance talks are given, the pledge being always offered.

Two buildings, a block apart, are occupied by the Lighthouse settlement. The second house, for women, is an offshoot from the first. It contains the Baldwin Day Nursery,

supported by the students of Miss Baldwin's Preparatory School, Bryn Mawr. It has rooms also for various clubs and classes in dress-making, stenography, cooking, etc. One of the most interesting meetings is that of the Women's Gospel Temperance Union held on Tuesday evenings. The Lighthouse workers also care for the Boys' Club of 850 members quartered in the splendidly equipped club-house, at Somerset and Howard Streets, in the near vicinity, erected by the Church Club of Philadelphia.

The Lighthouse and its allied endeavors are the outcome of the consecrated practical purpose of Miss Esther Warner Kelly, a woman of independent means, who left her home in an aristocratic quarter of Philadelphia several years ago to devote her life to helping humanity. She has recently become the wife of Mr. Robert R. P. Bradford, who is chief of the men's work. She lives in a modest dwelling adjoining the restaurant, the little back parlor being the office of the settlement, and the cozy front reception-room being the scene of afternoon prayer meetings and conferences. The house is also the headquarters of the Visiting Nurse Association, and its inmates stand ready at any hour of the day to respond to the call of the sick and distressed.

The settlement is located at a strategic point in the congested northeast mill district of Kensington, where the monotonous rows of the workers' small two story red brick houses with the inevitable white doorsteps contest the space with the towering factories; and a saloon is located on every corner.

In and Around Boston

Summer Services

The Sunday evening stereopticon lecture recitals at Berkeley Temple, conducted by Hon. J. Wilder Fairbank, have been well attended. When Parsifal was the theme there were 175 present; 288 heard Ben Hur, which was repeated in the temple for the twelfth time. For Aug. 26 the subject is to be the story of Jonathan and David, under the title of The Shepherd King.

The Floating Hospital Better Equipped

No more beautiful and, we are glad to say, no more popular local charity exists than the floating hospital, which is now the happy possessor of a fine new boat with far more ample accommodation than the old one provided. It was put to use last week for the first time, and its equipment makes the day's outing far more enjoyable for the scores of little people who enjoy the daily trip, while the permanent wards are also provided with facilities long needed.

Education

Thorsby (Ala.), Institute has become incorporated as a high school, with Rev. George E. Bates of Birmingham, as president. Prof. W. J. Lamke, a graduate of Brown University, is the principal, and other teachers of experience will be chosen at once. An educational rally was held recently, with a concert, at which there was a large attendance. The Congregational Education Society has appropriated \$500 for the first year's work and contributions from other sources are promised.

The new Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua was dedicated on Recognition Day, Aug. 15. The procession was characteristic, representing the various branches of Chautauqua activity and 171 members of the Class of 1906 passed through the Golden Gate, receiving their diplomas. Bishop John H. Vincent read letters of greeting from several friends of Chautauqua and pronounced the words of dedication. Principal George E. Vincent presided and the address was by Mr. Edward H. Griggs on Education and Democracy. Dr. W. A. Duncan, as for many years past, was marshal of the day, under whose direction the parade was successfully carried out.

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One Hundred-and-Fifth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1906

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	\$1,180,287.05
Real Estate.....	1,543,892.06
United States Bonds.....	1,960,000.00
State and City Bonds.....	3,427,550.00
Railroad Bonds.....	2,773,180.00
Miscellaneous Bonds.....	394,500.00
Miscellaneous Stocks.....	7,853,725.00
Miscellaneous Stocks.....	511,000.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks.....	391,750.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate.....	109,500.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents.....	993,668.77
	\$21,239,052.88

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund.....	7,595,001.00
Reserve for Losses.....	783,047.09
Reserve for Re-insurance, and other claims.....	837,503.46
Reserve for Taxes and other contingencies.....	300,000.00
Surplus over contingencies and all liabilities including capital.....	8,720,501.34
	\$21,239,052.88
Surplus as regards Policy-holders.....	\$11,720,501.34

ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, President.
EMANUEL H. A. CORREA, Vice-President.
FREDERIC C. BUSWELL, Vice-President.
AREUNAH M. BURTIS, Secretary.
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AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY.
A quarterly dividend (No. 35) of ONE AND ONE-QUARTER PER CENT. on the Common Capital Stock of the American Graphophone Co. will be paid on September 15, 1906, to stockholders of record September 1. EDWARD D. EASTON, President.

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"All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles more or less.

"We were all sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves.

"We didn't realize that coffee was the cause of the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we were forced to try Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

"We read the statements on the package, got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We were all able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

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